THE

CABINET;

OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

JUNE 1807.

Mrs. OPIE.

THE Portrait which we here present to the public, is peculiarly valuable, as it exhibits a characteristic resemblance of a lady who is no less admired as a writer, than beloved as a friend and companion. Seldom have the graces of person, mind, and manner, been more happily united, or their attractive influence more generally felt and acknowledged. How much are the feelings with which we view a likeness so interesting in itself, increased from the recollection that it was traced by a hand eminently calculated to do justice to the subject, both by nature and by circumstances, and that this hand, alas! can trace no more. But we must refer our readers to those pages of our work, where so great a national loss is particularly mentioned, and proceed to a brief account of Mrs. Opie's early life.

She is the only child of Dr. Alderson, an eminent physician in Norwich, and of a lady whose ancestors were long since known in that city. Perhaps no two persons could have been more calculated to foster opening talents. Besides the improvements derived from them, their daughter was indebted to the instructions of the Rev. Mr. Bruckner for her accurate knowledge of the French language. Frequent proofs appeared of the

poetical genius and taste of Miss Alderson, before the death of her mother, which happened while she might yet be called a child. Some of her single compositions, were printed separately in newspapers or magazines, or in a periodical miscellany, called the CABINET.

Her marriage with Mr. Opie, took place on the 8th. of May, in the year 1798. The first of her works which was given to the world after that event, viz. "*The Father and Daughter*," not only received the sanction of the English public, but was greatly admired in different parts of the Continent, especially in France, where it has been several times translated. Of the *Poems*, which were afterwards collected in one volume, it is needless to speak; we may safely make our appeal to the hearts of their numerous readers; and her succeeding productions, "*The Mother and Daughter*," with "*A Collection of Tales*," lately published, possess the same power of touching the passions.

Mrs. Opie's musical talents, were early cultivated. Her first master was Mr. Michael Sharp, of Norwich; who, although not distinguished as a scientific musician, yet possessed a degree of love for, and ardour towards, his profession, which comparatively few of those who are employed in the drudgery of teaching enjoy. Mrs. Opie never arrived at superiority as a player, but she may be said to have been unrivalled in that kind of singing in which she more particularly delighted. Those only who have heard her, can conceive the effect which she produced, in the performance of her own ballads. Of these, "*The Poor Hindu*," was one of her chief favourites, and the expression of plaintive misery, and affectionate supplication, which she threw into it, we may with safety affirm, has never been surpassed, and very seldom equalled. Mrs. Opie may fairly be said to have created a style of singing of her own, which though polished and improved by art and cultivation, was founded on that power which she appears so pre-eminently to possess, of awakening the tender sympathies, and pathetic feelings of the mind. Mr. Biggs is indebted to her, for the poetry adapted to the *Hindu* and *Welsh* airs, which he collected and published. This difficult task of writing appropriate words to such various and singular

metres, she executed with an uncommon degree of ability.

Such accomplishments as we have enumerated, form merely the embellishment of a character, and sometimes, by the intoxications of vanity, and the delusions of flattery, greatly lessen its intrinsic value. Sometimes they cast a thin veil over dispositions naturally selfish and assuming, which can never wholly conceal their defects. In Mrs. Opie, they bestow additional charms upon a heart and mind distinguished by frankness, probity, and the most diffusive kindness. In her own house, where Mr. Opie's incomparable talents drew a constant succession of the learned, the gay, and the fashionable, she delighted all by the sweetness of her manners, and the unstudied and benevolent politeness with which she adapted herself to the taste of each individual.

Such is the testimony of the many; let the few bear witness to those sympathies which make the happiness of her friends, her own; and the unremitting ardour with which she labours to remove the miseries that come within her knowledge or influence: they are confident that in the hour of trial, her conduct will prove that the qualities and propensities which can preserve a character unspoiled, through the brilliant periods of human life, will dignify and support it, in those seasons when feelings of self-approbation, and conscious rectitude, are of more value than the applause of millions.

REPRESENTATIVES AND CONSTITUENTS.

THE term *representative* seems lately to have deviated from its original signification and import: for we hear of some, who consider themselves as "nothing more than the *attornies* or *delegates* of their *constituents;* and, regardless of their own, pride themselves in acting according to the *sense* of these constituents only." But this seems a very degrading idea of a representative, and surely exhibits him under a most servile point of view. A representative in parliament, is a person, deputed by individuals to execute their

portion of the public business in the national council or assembly, and vested by them with full and complete powers in order thereunto. In this situation, he is to use his best judgment towards knowing and ascertaining, and his best endeavours in promoting, what shall be most for the national good; and this, without any retrospective view upon the constituents, or any regard to their *sense* of affairs; for it may be, either that the *sense* of these constituents cannot be conveyed to him, or that they may have no *sense* to convey.

And that this independency of the representative is supposed by the constitution, appears plainly from hence, viz. that the powers with which he is invested, are not revocable at pleasure, or before the expiration of the term for which they were given; even though they should be employed, not only against the *sense* of his constituents, but even against the national weal itself. How far such an ordainment of things is eligible, I say not: but I say, that, if a representative be nothing more than a person, who sits in the House of Commons, to speak the *sense* of a certain number of people, as he receives it by the post out of the country, he is no better than a tube, an organ-pipe, a kind of wind-instrument, which sends forth sound mechanically. W.

STENOGRAPHY.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

AMONG the numerous votaries of polite and useful Literature, it is rather surprising that few have considered the art of Stenography, as a branch of learning sufficiently important for *their practice*, or the attainment of the juvenile scholar: certain it is, that until the appearance of *Dr. Mavor's* system, (which, by-the-by, is not *entirely* free from the errors of its predecessors) no system of this art merited the least praise; so far so, that more than one, two, or three systems, possessed not even so many requisites for expeditiously writing, as our *slow-creeping* long-hand,

while at the same time, some of the *best* systems were as unintelligible as Egyptian hieroglyphicks.

To these disadvantages, under which this useful art has long laboured, may be attributed the neglected state in which it is left; useful, I say, because it possesses, or ought to possess, among others, the advantage of rendering the practitioner capable of following the orator through the different mazes of elocution, in an intelligible and correct manner, without the necessity of being a more expeditious writer than the generality of men. In short-hand, we may write in a compass of the sixth part of the space in which we write long-hand, and notwithstanding the number of voluminous and lengthened systems extant, it is far more attainable than long-hand, which, unlike short-hand, possesses not the convenience of being a method of secret-writing.

To prove that such a system of the art can exist, I will here lay down such principles as a writer on this art should observe, and which will enable *any* person to judge of the merits or demerits of any system already extant, or which may hereafter appear.

1st. In forming the alphabet, superfluous letters should be omitted.

2ndly. The simplest characters in nature, should be chosen to represent the letters. These characters are, a right line, a curve, and a right line running out from the circumference of a circle; these to be put in such different positions, as will easily admit of any two of them being united in a natural and uniform manner.

3rdly. To give each letter a character, simple or compound, according to their ratio of occurrence in a sentence. The method I would observe in finding such ratio would be very simple; I would write the long-hand letters which I intend to have representatives in short-hand, down a column in the margin of a sheet of paper; I would then take a book of any sort, and, supposing the book began with the word *Constantinople*, I would place a dot against *k* or soft *c*, omit *o*, and all other vowels in the middle of words, then put a dot to *n*, another to *s*, &c. throughout the work, and to

those letters which have the greatest number of dots against them, I would assign the simplest characters. This is a method which no one seems to have hit upon; yet undoubtedly an unerring one. A dot and a comma put in different places, might represent the vowels.

After which I would assign to each letter, two arbitrary words beginning with such letter, and which are either of common occurrence, hard to be written, or which would involve the writing in ambiguity if it were written in length. Taking care to put no two words to a letter, that the connexion of a sentence will not readily shew which of the said two words is intended by the contraction. The characters must be such as may be easily distinguished from each other.

Few or no prepositions and terminations should be expressed arbitrarily; especially, if the union of the consonants therein contained be simple and intelligible.

To avoid a multiplicity of characters, figures might be represented by the simplest of the letters put over the line on which we write, or are supposed to write; (this is only necessary when they occur among words:) The chief uses of such figures are, secrecy, uniformity, and dispatch.

Arbitrary, and unmeaning symbols, which disgrace so many modern systems, should be avoided, and the words which the letters represent, should not be technical; otherwise, the system would be only serviceable to persons of particular studies.

A system of Stenography, formed upon these principles, would be found useful to persons of every class of literary society.

I am, Sir,

Your's respectfully,

T. B.

London, 4th. May, 1807.

MELANGE.

No. III.

Chacun a son gout.

ANECDOTE OF A PRINCESS OF BRUNSWICK.—This lively Princess (whose marriage with the Prince of Prussia, son of Frederick the Great, was soon dissolved,) having ordered some rich stuffs from Lyons, which pay a high duty at Stettin, the place of her confinement, the custom-house officer rudely arrested them until the duties should be paid;—the princess, incensed, let him know, that she would satisfy his demands, and desired that he would come himself with the stuffs, for that purpose. On his entrance into the apartment of the princess, she flew at him, seized the merchandize, gave the officer two or three cuffs in the face, and turned him out of doors. The proud and mortified excise-man, in a violent fit of resentment, drew up a memorial, in which he complained bitterly of the dishonourable treatment he had met with in the exercise of his office. The king having read the memorial, answered it as follows:—'The loss of the duties belongs to my account.—The stuffs are to remain in the possession of the princess—the cuffs with him that received them:—as to the supposed dishonour, I cancel it at the request of the complainant,—but it is of itself null, for the white hand of a fair lady cannot possibly dishonour the face of a custom-house officer. Signed FREDERICK.'

Extract from a punning Sermon, preached in the reign of James the First:—'Here I have *undertaken* one who hath *overtaken* many, a *Machiavillian* (or rather a *matchless villain*), one that professeth himself to be a *friend*, when he is indeed a *fiend*.—His greatest *amity* is but dissembled *enmity*. His *Ave* threatens a *vae;* and therefore listen not to his treacherous *ave*, but hearken unto Solomon's *cave;* and though he speaketh favourably, believe him not. Though I call him but a *plain* flatterer (for I mean to deal very *plainly* with him), some compare him to a devil. If he be one, these words of Solomon are a *spell* to *expel* this devil. *Wring* not my words, to *wrong* my meaning; I go not about to crucifie the *sons*, but the *sins* of men. Some flatter a man for their own private benefit:—this man's heart thou hast in

thy pocket; for if thou *find in thy purse* to give him presently, he will *find in his heart* to love thee everlastingly.' *A Caution for the Credulous. By Edw. Sulton, Preacher. quarto, pp.* 44. *Aberdeen printed,* 1629. *Edinburgh reprinted,* 1696.

Picture of Domestic Happiness, drawn by a female Indian. Extracted from a Letter addressed to the Ladies of *New York.*—"May each of you have, in your habitations, a fair shrub, or little tree, as a *family-tree* of *peace,* to bless your dwellings. May the exhalations from it be, as the sweet odours of incense to gladden your apartments, or as the leaves of the sweetest trees in the forest, when the vernal morn lifts her glistering forehead from the great lake, and darts the splendors of her eyes aslant the dewy earth. Let no rude sounds of discord or disquiet be as a blighting wind, to wither the leaves of this family tree; no distress or distrust, like a thick fog, cast an unkindly mildew to taint them; but may the *husband's* eyes, like the sun-beams, cheer its roots, and the *woman's* voice, as a gentle breeze, fan its branches and expand its swelling buds. Let her draw deep into her breast the balsam of its effluence, and her lips breathe forth and improve the fragrance. Thus, with purest flame, the *fire* of *concord* shall glow unextinguished upon your hearths, and domestic bliss shall every day add fresh fuel to increase its strength."

The Caliph Mohammed Emir.—When this prince was walking one day in his gardens with one of his courtiers, the latter, looking around him, said, What a charming world is this! how happy should one be could one but escape death!—Death, said the caliph, is one of our best friends; should I have been here, if he had not removed my predecessor?—There was, certainly, a great deal of right philosophy in this answer;—why, it implied, should we be unwilling to quit the scene and to make way for the succeeding generation, when our ancestors have done the same for us? It would be impossible for the race of men to subsist upon the earth on other conditions, and death was a necessary part of the œconomy of that benevolent providence, which determined that a variety of beings should taste the blessing of life.

THE DYING WORDS OF
ELIZABETH WELLINGTON,

An unfortunate woman who was found under a hay-rick, in a field near the great north road between London and Edinburgh.

IT was in one of the bitter nights during the severe winter of the year seventeen hundred and ninety-four, that the passengers of a stage-coach travelling to the north, were alarmed by groans which seemed to proceed from a field adjoining to the road.

The coachman could not be prevailed on to stop till he reached the top of a hill, which he was at the moment ascending; he then agreed that if something was given him to drink, he would wait while they went to see from whence the groans proceeded.

The travellers immediately alighted, and the guard, taking one of the coach lamps in his hand, walked back with them into the field; their search for some time was vain, but approaching a hay-rick at which cattle were feeding, a groan more feebly uttered again was heard; following the sound, they were at once interested and distressed by the object presented to their view.

Lying at length under shelter of the rick, in a dark and dismal night, apparently exhausted by hunger, fatigue and cold, thinly cloathed, with a form and countenance which had once been pleasing, they discovered a female, almost frozen to death.

After gently raising her head, and rubbing her clay-cold limbs till a little warmth was perceived, they conveyed down her throat, with some difficulty, a small quantity of cordial, from a pocket case of one of the company.

Some faint signs of life at length appearing, encouraged them to persevere in their humane work; they then wrapped her in a great coat, and carried her to the coach, in which, having previously agreed to pay the fare, they were permitted to place her.

As the poor creature recovered, the change of situation was explained to her, when she thanked her de-

liverers for their kind offices, but, attempting to speak further, fainted away.

The motion of a heavy coach was too much for her weak condition, and the benevolent persons to whom Providence had assigned her, determined to set her down at the first public house they passed, and to direct that proper care should be taken.

It was not long before they stopped to change horses, and leave some of the passengers; the mistress of the house was called, who readily assisted in rendering every service in her power, but notwithstanding all their endeavours, they clearly saw, that the hand of death was on the unfortunate stranger.

Convinced also by her own feelings of the approach of that awful moment, which we all dread, though so few of us prepare to meet it, she earnestly intreated that a minister of the gospel might be sent for without delay.

The clergyman of the parish soon arrived; after examining the state of her soul, he opened to her the treasures of everlasting life, as contained in the Holy Scriptures, and poured on her wounded spirit the precious balm of comfort and condolence. He joined with her in prayer and supplication, and she received at his hands the restorative sacramental cup, of hope grounded on repentance, and mercy through an interceding Redeemer.

Though her mind was composed, her strength failed, and the fainting fits returned, but proper medicines being given by an apothecary of the village, after a short repose, she seemed a little better, and was very anxious to say something to the company collected in the chamber; conscious, that if the present opportunity was lost, her lips, in a short time, would be for ever closed.

Desiring her benefactors to draw nearer the bed, she addressed them in the following words, as well as her weak state permitted, and soon after resigned her breath:

"The kindness I have experienced at your hands, it is not in *my* power, but I hope the Almighty will repay; you must naturally be desirous to know something of a forlorn wretch, in whose behalf you have

so warmly interested yourselves, and whom, in the unjustifiable anguish of despair, I was tempted to consider as deserted by God and man; but the worthy minister has convinced me that OURS IS A GOD OF MERCY, and the treatment I have experienced from *you*, also proves that, although this is a wicked world, there are many worthy characters, who imitate their Creator in this glorious attribute.

"I was born of poor but honest parents in a northern county; myself and an elder sister were the whole of their family; my father did not repine at that state of life in which Providence had placed him, when after providing for the wants of the day, by labour, he retired to his fire-side in the evening, and found his wife and children clean and contented.

"I was caressed from my infancy by a widow lady who lived retired in our parish, on a small income, having seen better days; as I grew up, her regard for me increased, she taught me to read and write, and impressed early on my mind religious principles.

"Though my understanding was improved, and my ideas enlarged beyond what falls to the lot of most young women of my condition, I cannot help imputing to my acquaintance with this excellent woman the misfortunes of my future life; I spent the greatest part of the day with her, and whilst my sister was assisting my mother in the work of the house, and qualifying herself to perform the duties of a mother and a wife, I was poring over every book I could borrow, reading to my benefactress, or sitting down to ornamental needle-work, but wholly ignorant of, and unable to mend my father's stockings, dress his dinner, or clean the house.

"I should not do justice to my mother, if I ommitted acknowledging that she saw and reproved my conduct; she insisted that a sedentary genteel life was not proper for a girl with my humble prospects, and that to be *fine-fingered*, as she used to call it, was not calculated for poor people, particularly those who mean to live honest; I felt the truth of what she said, but had not the resolution to diminish the enjoyments of the present hour, by providing for circumstances in which I hoped never to be placed.

"When I was sixteen years of age, my valuable friend died, my sister, soon after, was married to a farmer, to whom she makes a good and useful wife, and I had no companions but my father and mother; for I looked down with secret contempt on the young men and women of the village.

"My parents saw with concern that I was not qualified to go through the drudgery of a cottage: I lost my appetite and spirits, they frequently found me in tears; it was the struggle of pride and vanity rebelling against the duties imposed on me by Providence.

"After consulting with a distant relation, a shopkeeper in a neighbouring town, who was for every body's trying their luck in London, his opinion prevailed, and I was conveyed to town in a road waggon, resolving *to better myself*, as it is called, and if possible *get an easy genteel place, with little work and high wages. Thus pride and laziness were my ruin.*

"I soon got into a creditable family in the city, where I had an opportunity of qualifying myself for a better place, as my mistress was kind and indulgent; but the constant toil of a house where only myself and a shop-boy were kept, did not suit a person used to an indolent life. I contrasted the dark back kitchen, and dirty drudgery of my present situation, with my pleasant walks, my books, my plain work, and easy life in the country; awkwardness increased my difficulties, and I was severely mortified by the mother of my mistress, who sometimes visited her; she wondered how a girl at my age could have spent her time, not to know the common work of a house.

"Having occasion for a few common articles of dress, I was directed to one of those gossiping shopkeepers who infest most neighbourhoods, the confidants of servants, and diffusers of scandal, who attend to and know more of other people's business than their own; she listened to my complaints, and enticed me to spend my money; after hearing much of charming places at the other end of the town, I left her, resolved to take the first opportunity of leaving my mistress, as the work was too much, and the situation in a vulgar part of the town.

"I soon received a message from my officious new

acquaintance, that she had procured an excellent situation for me, but that I must go without delay, and as to a character, if I would make her a present, *she would give me one herself;* her reason for prevailing on me to go away without giving warning, will soon be known; but I have been sufficiently punished for this breach of agreement.

"I took an opportunity of retreating with my things the following evening, and was introduced to a fine-dressed lady with a carriage waiting at the door; after the general questions we agreed, and I was conveyed, with my box, to a large house in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

"The splendor of her equipage and the tawdry finery of the furniture, dazzled my eyes; I was told that my chief business would be to wait on my mistress in her own room, and work at my needle. I remember that the pride and haughtiness of my heart were highly gratified, when I was informed that I need not wear a coloured apron, must always appear neatly dressed, and that if I did not stand in my own light, her place would be profitable as well as pleasant to me.

"My happy days were of short continuance; I did not discover till it was too late, that I was taken in a snare, that I was in a house of the most infamous description, a reproach to the nobility and gentry, who suffer many of them almost to elbow them in their magnificent abodes.

"The woman who engaged me under false pretences, but for the most abominable purposes, is a wretch well known in the parish of St. James's, remarkable for staring eyes, a thundering voice, and face of brass; the seducer and ruiner of hundreds of her sex, whom she afterwards turns loose on the town, polluted and pennyless; I hope God Almighty will give her grace to repent of her monstrous crimes, or dreadful must be her punishment hereafter.

"Had I been at all acquainted with town manners, I must have perceived the odious nature of my mistress's employ, from the lateness of her hours, and the company she kept; in bed the greatest part of the day, and the house in an uproar during the whole of the night; but London was a new world to me, and I had heard that it

was common for ladies and gentlemen to turn night into day.

" The first alarm I received was from certain unwarrantable liberties taken with me by an hoary veteran, a constant visitor of my mistress, a well-known character, remarkable for his fondness of a new face; I left deep marks of my resentment on his countenance, which confined him to his room several weeks, under a pretence of the St. Anthony's fire. On mentioning the circumstance to my mistress, she smiled and told me, I must not be ill-natured, for that it would spoil my fortune; I replied firmly that I would not submit to such treatment, and that I would quit her house, the moment day-light appeared, for it was already midnight.

" But she took effectual means to prevent the execution of my purpose; watching an opportunity, she sent me up stairs on some trifling errand whilst I was taking a little refreshment, and conveyed certain drops into what I was going to drink; I swallowed them without suspicion, and finding myself remarkably heavy, soon retired to rest.

" From a deep, a death-like sleep, I awoke, and found myself undone; a cowardly villain, introduced by that perfidious and detestable monster *******, whose attempts I would have set at defiance with my senses and strength about me, took advantage of a state, against which neither virtue nor prudence can guard.

" He attempted to pacify me with gold, and declared that he would make a handsome settlement on me the next morning; I rejected his offers with contempt, I drove him from my presence with abhorrence.

" The savage in a female shape, soon came in with triumphant malignity in her eye, thinking she could now bring me to her own infamous terms; she begun by observing, that hands like mine were never made for hard work, that I might live like a fine lady——I interrupted her by throwing up the sash, and raising my voice to a pitch which alarmed her, (for wickedness makes cowards of us all) told her, that if I was not suffered immediately to depart, I would raise the neighbours by my cries.

" I left her house directly, determining to have recourse to the laws, to revenge my injuries; but a dread of appearing publicly on such an occasion shook my resolution;

not knowing whither to go, I applied to my first mistress, with an intention of laying my case before her, but she shut her door in my face, and after my behaviour to her, what right had I to complain?

"I hid myself in silence and solitude, and passed a few weeks in a little obscure lodging, without resolution or spirit to seek another place; my London dream of finery and genteelness was now vanished, I dreaded the face of man, and suspected every woman; I considered with envy the condition of the meanest drudge of the poorest farm-house in the country, who, notwithstanding her coarse fare and linsey gown, possessed those first of blessings, health, innocence, and peace of mind.

"I took a place in the same waggon which first brought me to town, and had reached a little market town, a few miles from the field where you found me; but fearing my small stock of money would be exhausted, before I reached my father's house, I resolved to walk the remainder of my journey, contrary to the persuasions of the person who drove the waggon.

"Leaving my box with proper directions to be forwarded, I set out on foot, but had not travelled far, when a ruffian robbed me of the little I possessed, and would have proceeded to outrages still more cruel, but my cries excited the attention of a gentleman with a splendid equipage, who was travelling the road, and at no great distance from us.

The postillions were ordered to quicken their pace, and as they drew up, my terror and astonishment may be conceived, when I saw my dishonourable violator, looking at me with savage joy as he jumped from the carriage, thinking that he might easily secure a friendless, unprotected woman, and convey her to what place and for whatever purpose he chose.

"But the robber was not disposed to part with his prey; adding falsehood to violence, and brandishing a bludgeon he had in his hand, he declared with an oath, that no man had a right to separate us, for though I was noisy and unmanageable, I was his wife.

"The gentleman said he knew the contrary, that he had followed me across the country from London, and rather than lose me, would pursue me to the end of the world; with these words he laid hold of one of my hands,

when the footpad, at the first blow, laid him speechless on the ground; a desperate but unequal contest ensued, the servants fired several pistols, and in the hurry, smoke, and confusion, I darted from them.

"Terror gave me speed; I flew down a bye lane, and after crossing several fields, plunged into a thick wood, wandering through thorns and underwood, as long as my strength permitted. I was thankful for my escape, and sat down on a bank to eat a crust fortunately left in my pocket. I soon heard the voices of the servants, who seemed to be searching for me, and gathered from their conversation that they had wounded and secured the marauder, and as soon as they could find me, would convey us, with their master who had come to himself, but was much hurt, to the next post town.

"I fortunately eluded their search, but as night came on, in attempting to leave the wood, with a design of begging a lodging in some farm-house, my foot slipped, and I fell with such violence with my knee against a stump, that I fainted in an agony of pain. Being unable to stir, I passed the night on the spot where I fell, and part of the next day, when, hungry and benumbed with cold, I crawled as well as the hurt I received would let me, to the place where your kindness found me. I passed the second night there, and endeavoured to attract the notice and compassion of several travellers during the succeeding day; but they considered me as an impostor or a loose woman, and either neglected or insulted me.

"I gave myself up for a lost creature, but death though retarded by your humanity, I feel is gradually creeping over me—I die in charity with all mankind, I pray to God that he will forgive my destroyers, and give them time and grace to repent. I beg that my parents, whose name and direction will be found in a letter in my pocket, may be informed of my fate; that I remembered them with gratitude in my last moments, and that although misled by folly, my heart was untainted by vice.

"I also make it my dying request, that my misfortunes may be published for the information of young women of my condition, in the hope of reminding them, that pride and vanity, are the high road to crime and misfortune; that London is a scene of temptation, where there are always artful women, watching to take advantage of those

of their own sex, who are tired of working honestly for their livelihood, and fond of fine cloaths.

"I wish to remind such as are of this unfortunate turn, that a conscientious discharge of our duties in that state, however humble, in which Providence has placed us, is the only solid comfort in this world, and the most likely method of ensuring everlasting happiness in that which is to come."

THE INFLUENCE OF CARDS.

An Extract from the Writings of M. PINTO.

"Do you think toleration will at last become general in Europe? that manners will become softer, and men less wicked and unhappy? Sometimes I indulge this hope, and sometimes I despair. Yet, on the whole, it appears to me that mankind (I speak of the small part which inhabits Europe) are a little mended. But what, perhaps, will surprise you is, that among the many causes to which my imagination has attributed this revolution in manners, I look on the universal taste for cards to be one of the most active principles, that has, I may say, new moulded the human race in Europe. Do not think I am blind to all the evil that the fury of play has done in both sexes; but advantages have resulted from it, which on the whole may balance, and even exceed it.

"At present this is my reasoning. Before this æra the two sexes were less united, I should say, less together in society, in company; men were more so. There were more clubs. Taverns were more frequented. There was more drinking, consequently more connections, more friendship. Listlesness*, one of the great causes of the unfolding of the human understanding, excited men to cultivate their talents, to employ themselves, to study, to work, to cabal, to form conspiracies. Politics were the subject of the conversation; they controlled the government, they complained, they conspired, and they found friends to whom they could unbosom themselves. Great virtues and great vices were more common. On the other side, the eyes of men not beholding the charms of

* *Ennui* in the original. I do not know if listlesness, or any other word in our language, can express this term fully.

women across a green cloth, and through the magic medium of cards, friendship and love were passions; at present, thanks be to cards, we are only gallant; we have many acquaintances, but no friends; many mistresses, but no serious attachment. A Mahometan who was to visit our great assemblies with the eyes of an Asiatic, would think our European Bashaws had their seraglios in common. You will allow the spirit of gaming, which mixes men and women most in society, abates most strongly the energy of love.

"Add to this, that the efforts of the human mind to shake off inaction are relaxed by this. Combine the effects of the relaxation of these three principles, and calculate the result.

"The sedentary life to which this eternal amusement reduces both sexes, must enervate the body; from thence, both morally and physically, there results a new system of manners, of habit, of constitution. The magic of cards forms a common focus of almost all the passions in miniature; they all find there (if I may use the expression) their proper food. It is true that every thing there is microscopic, and more illusive than common illusions are. A confused idea of happiness and misery is found there; vanity itself is interested; play seems to establish an illusive equality among the players; it is a vehicle that assembles in society the most discordant individuals. Avarice and ambition put it in motion; and the universal taste for pleasure is flattered that it will find satisfaction from the amusement. The ladies being of the party, love ought to be there of course. The sphere of the passions is reduced, and drawn into a narrower circle. All the passions entangle themselves, evaporate, and spend themselves at a distance from their source and proper object. Listlesness, indolence, avarice, ambition, and carelesness, devour in common an unsubstantial food, which enervates their force and their activity; and as from the fermentation of the great passions there ordinarily arises more evil than good, human nature in general has rather gained than lost. The great virtues exist no longer, but great crimes have also ceased. Assassinations, poisoning, and all the horrors of civil war, are incompatible with the manners of a nation where men and women lose so much of their time at cards."

There is great plausibility in this reasoning. But the concluding sentence, compared with the horrors attending the French revolution, shews the uncertainty of all reasoning founded on hypothesis. After all, cards perhaps have rather a tendency to make the manners rough, than soft. We know in matters of real business, and especially where money is concerned, all ceremony is set apart. Now cards form an imitation of pecuniary business; and any imitation of this equalizing system, occupying so large a portion of life as people in general, and especially the more opulent, give to this amusement, must tend to throw something of the rough frankness of the man of business into the social intercourse of mankind even in the politest circles. Not only the common forms of civility are laid aside; but the lover forgets the passion he feels for his mistress, and the dependent the respect he owes his patron, when an odd trick is in question. If '*usque ad aras*' marks the boundary of friendship, the card-table is as often the boundary of flattery.* P.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

In the Library at Bulstrode there are two Essays written by Prior: one of them is upon Learning, in which he mentions that Tompion, the distinguished Watchmaker of his time, was put apprentice to a locksmith. Prior was a man of learning, and had a very lively imagination; he seems very likely to have added something to what had been said on the subject; it is therefore to be hoped, that it will be soon given to the public.

In the latter part of his life he resided at Down Hall, Essex, and amused himself with a select party of friends at any kind of nonsense that occurred. Sir James Thornhill was often of the party, and in the evening, between dinner and supper, used to make drawings of some of Mr. Prior's guests. Prior used to write verses under them. Under the head of Mr. Timothy Thomas, chaplain to Lord Oxford, Prior wrote—

> This phiz, so well drawn, you may easily know,
> It was done by a Knight for one Tom with an O.

* A Bishop playing at whist with his chaplains, and always naming the trump, is a proverbial illustration of the acmé of servile dependence.

Under Christian the Seal-Engraver's head, Prior wrote—

> This, done by candle-light and hazard,
> Is meant to shew Kit Christian's mazard.

An ingenious and elegant collector has many of these portraits, with the verses under them in Prior's hand-writing.

At Lord Oxford's seat at Wimple (now Lord Hardwicke's) there hung a fine picture of Harley in his Speaker's robes, with the roll of the bill in his hand for bringing in the present family; which, if I mistake not, was done by his casting vote. In allusion to Harley's being afterwards sent to the Tower, Prior wrote with a pencil on the white scroll—"Bill paid such a day."

He, like many an ex-minister, became hypochondriacal in the latter part of his life; his active mind, not having any pabulum to feed it, began to prey upon itself. He became deaf, or at least thought himself so. When some one asked him, whether he had ever observed himself deaf when he was in office: "Faith," replied he, "I was then so afraid of my head, that I did not attend very much to my ears."

He kept his Fellowship of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the last. "The salary," said he, "will always ensure me a bit of mutton and a clean shirt." Prior, (who had been Minister-Plenipotentiary) printed his poems by subscription in the latter part of his life for subsistence, and made two thousand pounds by them. It is singular enough that he should have been recommended to Queen Anne to be her Ambassador at the Court of France, as being very conversant in matters of trade and commerce. Prior was a very high-bred man, and made himself peculiarly agreeable to Louis XIV. by this talent. He presented his College with a picture of himself, in a very fine brocaded suit of clothes; he there has very much *l'air noble*. This picture has never been engraved.

The late excellent Duchess of Portland had five Dialogues of the Dead in MS. written by this celebrated poet.* One was between Charles the Fifth and Clennard

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* Prior's Dialogues in the Duchess of Portland's possession are thus described in the preface to Nichols's "Collection of Poems."

the grammarian; another between Sir Thomas More and the Vicar of Bray: another, I believe, between Oliver Cromwell and his Porter. They are said to abound in readiness of repartee and liveliness of remark. It is to be hoped that they will be published.

THE ARTS.

No. IV.

THE ENGRAVERS OF THIS COUNTRY.

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE CABINET.

SIR,

BEFORE the invention of printing, human knowledge must have been confined within narrow limits. Before the discovery of ENGRAVING, taste pervaded but an inconsiderable circle: the engraver and printer have distributed elegance and information, to the utmost extent of civilized society. Whatever improvement may be made in sculpture or painting, such improvement will be of trifling consequence to the manufacturer, without the assistance of our art, that being the only medium through which he can receive his advantages from the painter and sculptor. The mechanics employed in Birmingham, Sheffield and Manchester, the potteries of Staffordshire, the iron works at Carron,

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"The late Recorder of Cambridge [Pont] had seen some MS. Dialogues of the Dead of Prior's; they were prose, but had verse intermixed freely, and the specimen, I heard, proved it. The Dialogue was between Sir Thomas More and the Vicar of Bray. You must allow that the characters are well chosen; and the speakers maintain their respective opinions smartly: at last the knight seems to come over to his adversary, at least so far as to allow that the doctrine was convenient, if not honourable; but that he did not see how any man could allow himself to act thus: when the vicar concludes; 'Nothing easier, with proper management; &c. You must go the right way to work'—

"For Conscience, like a fiery horse,
Will stumble if you check his course;
But ride him with an easy rein,
And rub him down with worldly gain,
He'll carry you through thick and thin,
Safe, although dirty, to your inn."

"This certainly is sterling sense."

and Rotheram, and every other part of the kingdom, cannot be supposed to have access either to private collections of amateurs, or the public exhibitions in London; and but for engraving alone, improvement in the arts of design would be to them of no consequence or advantage. Happily, engraving is fully equal to the conveyance of all the taste the manufacturer requires.

But our art does not rest its honour solely on the instruction of the mechanic; it is among the first means of improvement even with the painter. Every painter has not the opportunity of travel, and those who have, cannot be supposed to retain all they have contemplated. The port folio is always at hand, and through engraving the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and every son of genius that has given life to canvas can be studied; invention, composition, outline, light and shadow, and expression, are within its power; colouring alone is beyond its scope. To the sculptor and the architect the graver is equally necessary, for by its efforts they are provided with a wide field of contemplation. In proportion as this art is carried to perfection, in that proportion it benefits all the other arts; and although it follows the invention of the painter, it precedes every other in the conveyance of general information. Science without it, would lose the best means of its propagation, and morality one of its most pleasing instructors.

The first spring of human action, is the hope of reward; and whatever weakens this spring, will enfeeble its exertions. The print trade of this nation is so carried on, that no engraver can possibly receive a fair compensation for his labour by the publication of his own productions. If he is the publisher of his own works, he becomes liable to exactions from the print-seller amounting to a profit of fifty one per cent; after submitting to this, he is compelled to give, upon an average, eighteen months credit. On those terms it might be supposed the print-seller would take such a number of prints as would give the engraver some chance of remuneration, but that is not the consequence, for if he apprehends a risque, he will not take above a single print at a time, and upon that print claim those advantages; and should the engraver by the publication of his own works excite the jealousy of the print-seller, which is often the case;

his prints are condemned to lay in a port-folio, neither to be shewn to the amateur, nor to the public. Of all the hardships of commerce, that of the engraver, attempting to receive the reward of his labour by the publication of his own productions, stands without a parallel. *His* expences are certain; the picture he engraves from, his copper, paper, printing, and writing, must be paid for. The process of engraving is long, tedious, and laborious; plates of large dimensions require years for their completion; during which time the engraver has himself and his family to support; to add to this, single prints will not sell; the public demand them in pairs. After this length of time and certain expence, embittered by anxious uncertainty, he receives, eighteen months after he has finished his labours, forty-nine pounds for every hundred he has earned; whilst the print-seller, without talent, or the necessity of capital, pockets the remainder.

When Sir Robert Strange advertised one of his prints for sale in Paris, he was sure of having four hundred purchasers at his apartments the next day; thus he alone received the *full* reward of his labours; and this is common in Paris. In England prints are seldom or never bought of the artist, but always of the print-seller; thus the very usage of the country destroys the springs of ingenuity.

If the engraver is employed by the print-seller, he has a greater certainty of being paid; that certainty is considered, and his payment is in proportion. There is not one man in that profession in England, who possesses, what may justly be denominated, a knowledge of art; consequently the engraver has too frequently to contend with all the caprice of ignorance, and imbecility of error.

The manner of printing the works of the engravers, is to them a matter of infinitely greater consequence than is generally imagined. The better and more perfectly a plate is engraved, the more it suffers by bad printing; and the finest plate that ever was engraved, may lose all its excellence through this process. The print-sellers being totally ignorant of the particular merit of the several plates coming into their hands, and the different mode and means required in printing them with that perfection of which they are capable, are totally unable to give the proper directions to the printer, who is equally ignorant of the method he ought to pursue.

As low a price as possible is agreed upon; the printer must live, and his only consideration is to print so many impressions each day as will enable him to do so; thus, by a tacit consent, is the reputation of the engraver sacrificed. The texture of the paper is of equal consideration with the printing; but print-sellers are too frequently so parsimonious in their savings on those two articles, that the excellence of the copper vanishes upon paper. There are many exemptions against this charge; nevertheless, it still may be safely asserted, that many works in the first stile of execution, have been consigned to oblivion by bad paper and printing.

There are six associate engravers admitted into the Academy, who have the power of exhibiting their works to the utmost advantage before the public. It is unaccountable that in a country professing to give encouragement to every art and science that advantages or embellishes human nature, that in so useful and ornamental an art as engraving, only six artists should have the privilege of bringing their works fairly before the public. Upon the Continent the engravers are treated with due distinction, and their works of merit enjoy a public exhibition with the productions of the other departments of the arts. In England, engravers of the first talent and celebrity, have no honourable place assigned by the public for the exhibition of their ingenuity.

The walls of Somerset House, though adorned with the finest works of our best painters, are too much loaded with wretched productions in history, portrait, landscape, and cattle, through all the mediums of oil, water colours, Indian ink, pen and ink, and chalk drawings: miniature painting, models in wax, and architectural drawings, have free admission. In short, whatever boasts originality of invention has a claim for election, whilst the finest engraving, which requires more originality of invention in the process than is employed on a great proportion of the things exhibited, is denied all pretension to public honour, unless its author be an associate. Thus is the public in this country, and in this country alone, taught to disregard an art, that is equally uesful to the painter, the statuary, the architect, the manufacturer, and mankind.

AN ENGRAVER.

[*To be resumed next Month.*]

ROYAL ACADEMY.

The present exhibition at Somerset House does infinite credit to the talents and exertions of the artists of the British school: it undoubtedly contains a greater number of fine pictures than we have seen on former occasions of late years; and we cannot but congratulate the country upon the very favourable result of the patronage which every person of rank and fortune now seems ambitious of extending towards co-temporary merit.

We shall now proceed to some particular observations upon those pictures which most forcibly arrested our attention.

No. 7. *Waggon-horses frightened at lightning.* J. Ward.—This is certainly a very fine picture, and will ensure the artist a considerable addition to his reputation. The horses are painted with great spirit, and evince Mr. W's very superior acquaintance with this part of his subject. There is a variety in the action of all of them which is perfectly natural, and in point of colour we think the artist has been equally successful. We cannot however omit to remark that in attempting a novelty of effect in the whole, Mr. W. has sacrificed nature almost entirely; the sky is like any thing but a sky, but chiefly resembles an assemblage of *full-bottomed wigs.*

17. *The Hon. B. Paget.* T. Lawrence, R. A.—A very masterly and finely-coloured head. The whole of the picture is painted with great firmness, and possesses a powerful effect.

18. *Market-day.* A. W. Calcott, A.—Although we must allow this picture considerable praise, we cannot but observe that, from some former productions of this artist, we had hoped he would have made some further progress in his art. The general effect is feeble, and the landscape wants variety of colour.

23. *Sir W. Heathcote, Bart.* W. Owen, R. A.—This is a forcible and well-coloured picture, and possesses an additional recommendation from the correctness of the likeness.

24. *A Sea Storm, an Italian Scene, with a Ship making signal for a pilot.* P. I. De Loutherbourg. R. A. A pleasing picture. The water is beautifully penciled,

and the whole possesses an equal degree of merit with former similar subjects by the same artist.

Of the next picture, No. 25, *(A Summer's Evening in the South of France,)* by the same master, we cannot speak so favourably; the colour is certainly much too glaring; we will not, however, pronounce that Mr. L. has not seen such a sky in nature, but we must assert that it is an ill choice, and highly prejudicial to the picture.

31. *A Lady of Quality.* I. HOPPNER, R. A.—A very beautifully coloured picture, and painted with great spirit and taste.

36. *Lord Lowther.* I. OPIE, R. A.—This picture is painted with great force, but there are other works of this master in the present exhibition, which, in point of colour, we prefer.

48. *Earl St. Vincent.* Sir W. BEECHEY, R. A.—The chief merit of this portrait consists in the likeness, which is certainly very striking. There is a crudity in the colour not usual in the works of this artist.

53. *Western Gate of Firoz Shah's Cotilla, Delhi, East Indies.* T. DANIELL, R. A.—The subjects alone of this master's works are in general a sufficient recommendation. The present one is peculiarly interesting, and very happily treated.

60. *Right Hon. T. Grenville.* I. HOPPNER, R. A.—Mr. Hoppner must assuredly add much to his good name from this portrait. It is a truly fine picture, painted with great spirit, and the character and expression are admirable.

68. *Una. From Spencer's Faëry Queen.* R. WESTALL, R. A. –This must certainly be ranked among the best of this master's productions. There is great sweetness of expression in the face of Una, and an elegance and simplicity in the design of the whole figure. The landscape is solemn and grand, and highly appropriate to the subject, and the *Lion* is painted with great spirit.

69. *Mrs. C. Cotton and Son.* W. OWEN, R. A.—This picture will do Mr. Owen great credit. The mother and child are grouped in a very interesting manner, and the delicacy of the colouring is really beautiful.

74. *His R. H. the Prince of Wales.* I. HOPPNER, R. A.—There is a very strong resemblance in this

portrait, and the whole of the picture is well coloured, but from some cause, perhaps from the disposition of the robes, there is an apparent defect in the drawing of the figure.

81. *Cremhila, the widow of Sirril, shews to Irony, in prison, the head of Gunther, his accomplice in the assassination of her husband.* H. Fuseli, R. A.—Mr. Fuseli may always fairly claim the merit of originality, and sometimes merit of another kind; but in the present instance we must observe, that his picture is deserving only of the same remarks which apply to many of his other equally extravagant productions.

82. *Lord William Russell's youngest Daughter.* W. Owen, R. A.—This is another very successful effort of Mr. Owen's, but we think the colouring rather too cold.

87. *A Bacchante sleeping.* R. Westall, R. A.—We consider this picture as one of the greatest ornaments of the exhibition. The luxuriance of the foliage, and the splendour of the whole scene, form an excellent contrast with the *Una*, its companion.

We were much charmed with the appearance of sunshine in this picture, although the nymph is herself in shadow. The bright and deep-toned effect of the whole is admirable, and the introduction of a variety of foreign birds gives wonderful life and spirit to the picture.

88. *Lady Sarah Bayley.* M. A. Shee, R. A.—In this picture there is a good resemblance of the lovely original, and the whole is finished with considerable care; but here our praise must end: the figure is ill drawn, there is a variety of colours in the drapery introduced without much taste, and the general hue of the picture is of a common kind.

93. *His R. H. the Duke of Gloucester.* Sir W. Beechey, R. A.—This is a strong likeness, but the picture possesses no other prominent qualities either good or bad.

101. *Portrait of a Gentleman.* M. A. Shee, R. A.—This is Mr. Shee's best work in the present exhibition; and for the colouring of the head, and the firmness of the pencil, is entitled to considerable praise.

102. *The Jummah Musjid, at Murata, East Indies.* T. Daniell, R. A.—This is another highly interesting

subject, and painted with great delicacy and beauty. The principal feature is an admirable specimen of Mahometan architecture.

103. *The late Lord Thurlow.* T. PHILIPS, A.—An excellent likeness of the venerable and lamented nobleman. The colouring is rich and sober, but the general effect has somewhat too much of the school of Kneller.

113. *Edinburgh Castle.* W. DANIELL.---This is a favorable view of a very interesting subject. The hues in the picture are various and natural, and the whole possesses a very pleasing effect.

115. *Chess-players.—Portraits.* I. NORTHCOTE, R. A. ---A well coloured groupe; but the countenances of the players are entirely devoid of any of the various expressions which this interesting game excites.

122. *A Sutler's Booth, with a little Camp in the distance.* P. I. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R. A.---With many beauties this picture possesses some defects. The penciling is free and tasteful, even where the forms are objectionable: this remark is particularly applicable to the figures, among which is a boy well painted but glaringly deficient in proportion. The groupe of tired horses and sleeping dogs is excellent.

123. *Right Hon. C. Long.* I. HOPPNER, R. A.--- A very fine portrait, in likeness, colour, and effect.

135. *A Blacksmith's Shop.* I. M. W. TURNER, R. A.--- In this picture, art is certainly carried to a very considerable extent; to succeed in rendering such a scene so highly picturesque, must be attended with no little difficulty. There is a great variety of appropriate forms managed with infinite skill; and had the characters and expressions been sufficiently defined and varied to be equal to the colouring and effect, we should have pronounced it a perfect work.

136. *View in St. Alban's.* W. MULREADY.---This is the work of a very promising young artist: the effect is extremely natural and pleasing, and the lofty shadowed *Saxon* tower forms a fine contrast with the humble and bright cottages in the fore ground.

139. *Flora unveiled by the Zephyrs.* R. WESTALL, R. A.---This picture combines two distinct branches of the art, which we have rarely or never seen united.---

The flowers are touched with infinite spirit and truth, and would have done credit to the best painters of the Dutch school: the Flora is very finely drawn, and the action of the figure is highly elegant and graceful. Mr. Westall has also displayed equal taste in designing the groupes of Zephyrs, and in the appropriate variety of their action. The general effect of the whole is wonderfully rich and harmonious.

147. *The Blind Fiddler.* D. WILKIE.—Mr. Wilkie has this year perfectly answered the expectations which were excited by the exhibition of his first picture. The various groupes in his present work are distinguished by a strong and natural diversity of character, action, and expression; and every object in the picture is selected with great taste and good sense.

This picture, Mr. Westall's *Flora*, and Mr. Turner's *Blacksmith's Shop*, are placed in a line, and afford a very striking example of the great variety which is a prevailing character of the English school; and it may with truth be asserted, that no other age or country has at the same time produced three pictures so entirely distinct from each other, and each so excellent in its peculiar way.

154. *His Majesty.* I. NORTHCOTE, R. A. We believe this is the first time His Majesty has sat to this artist, and we must certainly allow it to be a good likeness. The figure and the horse are spirited, but the latter, which is very well painted, is too small for the size of the royal personage.

161. *His R. H. the Duke of Gloucester.* I. OPIE, R. A.—This is one of the best portraits from the pencil of this justly celebrated and lamented artist. It is painted in a bold and decided manner, but there is somewhat of coldness and want of harmony in the whole, which he would probably have altered had he lived to see it in its present situation.

162. *Sun rising through Vapour---Fishermen cleaning and selling Fish.* I. M. W. TURNER, R. A.—The general effect of this picture is soft, harmonious, and beautiful; it does not possess quite so much vigour as we have observed in some other of this master's works, but it has a great deal of very excellent colour.

168. *Girl at the Spring.* W. Owen, R. A.—This is a very beautiful little picture, and derives its principal charm from the effect of the colouring, for we observed that the action of the child is not suited to the nature of its occupation.

175. *Paul and Barnabas.* B. West, R. A.—This spirited composition was designed for one of Mr. West's great works at the chapel at Windsor. The colouring is rich, deep, and harmonious, and the whole composition in the happiest manner of this master.

169. *The Earl of Buckinghamshire.* Sir W. Beechey, R. A.---This is indisputably the best portrait we have seen of this master: the likeness is excellent, the action easy and natural, and the effect of the whole at once sober and forcible.

194. *Sketch of a Monument for perpetuating the Memory of the late Lord Nelson.* B. West, R. A.--- It must be a subject of infinite regret that the object of this beautiful design is not likely to be carried into effect. The idea of uniting three branches of art in a monument is novel to us, but some of the finest pictures of Rubens and Vandyke were painted for similar purposes, and there is great reason to believe that it was a custom in the most refined ages of Greece. The whole of Mr. West's composition is highly classical and chaste; even the enlarging of the figures of Neptune and Britannia as deities is justified by the practice of the ancients, although the importance of the hero of the subject is in consequence reduced.

206. *Lord Nelson, when Second Lieutenant of the Lowestoffe frigate, Captain Locker, going to take possession of an American Letter of Marque, during a strong gale of wind, and a heavy sea, the First Lieutenant having returned, and declared it impracticable.* R. Westall, R. A.

211. *Lord Nelson, when commanding the Captain, of 74 guns, with a broad Pendant, R. W. Miller, Esq. Commander, in the Action off Cape St. Vincent, Feb. 14, 1797, receiving the Sword of the dying Spanish Commodore, after having boarded the San Nicolas, followed by Lieut. Barry, and Capt. Pearson; they immediately after boarded and took the San Josef.* R. Westall, R. A.

218. *Rear-Admiral Nelson, when in his Barge, with*

its usual Complement of Men, during the Blockade of Cadiz, July 3d, 1797, *attacking a Spanish Launch, with* 30 *Men, which, after a severe Conflict, he succeeded in carrying. On this occasion Capt. Freemantle nobly supported the Admiral; and his Coxswain, John Sykes, repeatedly saved his life.* R. WESTALL, R. A.

223. *Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, in the act of landing on the Mole of Teneriffe, in July,* 1797, *dangerously wounded by a cannon-shot in his right arm, which was afterwards amputated. Upon this occasion his Life was saved by the attention and presence of mind of his Son-in-law, now Capt. Nisbet. Owing to the absence of this Gentleman his Portrait is left unfinished.*

R. WESTALL, R. A.

These four pictures, we understand, are intended to illustrate a life of the immortal Nelson. The subjects of all of them are admirably chosen, as they enable us to trace the progress of that enterprizing spirit, and contempt of danger, which equally adorned the character of this great man in his youth, as in his last and most splendid triumph. It is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient praise of the manner in which they are executed; whether we regard the variety of the characters, the spirit of the composition, or the colouring and effect.

Our limits will not allow of criticisms of sufficient length, to describe works of so elaborate a nature: we shall therefore content ourselves with noticing the passages which most particularly interested us. The varied actions of the sailors, in the first picture, opposed to the calm dignity of the young hero, are deserving of great approbation; particularly, as it appears to us that this is a subject of peculiar difficulty.---The groupe of the dying commodore, in the second picture, and the expression of his countenance, are exquisite; so indeed is the mixture of triumph and concern visible in the figure and head of Nelson.

The third picture is full of action and of danger, and well describes that scene which Lord Nelson thought the most perilous of his life; the countenances and dresses of the Spaniards are strongly characteristic, and the confident expression in the faces of the English give an assurance of their victory, in spite of the smallness of their number. In the fourth picture the varied expression of grief in

the attendants forms a strong contrast to the calm suffering of the fallen chief. The third picture is, in our opinion, the best, but either of them will afford a proof of the rapid progress which the artist is making.

210. *Portraits of Sir F. Baring; I. Baring, and ——Wall, Esqrs.* T. LAWRENCE, R. A.---We consider this as the best work of this artist, and as far the best picture of portraits which the present exhibition can boast of. It has indeed an historical character, and the three figures form a most interesting groupe: they appear as merchants settling their accounts; all of them are excellent likenesses; that of Sir F. Baring is dignified beyond the usual character of the original, and is admirable; the head of Mr. Baring is, if possible, still better: the colouring and effect are vigorous and rich, and the whole work is deserving of the highest praise.

200. *The Italian Pastoral.* S. WOODFORDE, R. A. E. —This is a very elegant composition; the action of the figures is natural and easy, but the colouring rather crude.

207. *The Road Side:---Peasants resting.* W. OWEN, R. A.---This picture is excellently coloured, and grouped in a very pleasing way; the female figure has too much the air of a town lady in a rustic dress, but the face is beautiful; and the picture will certainly add to the deserved reputation of the artist.

225. *Mr. Dingwall.* I. OPIE, R. A.---This is certainly the finest picture of this master in the exhibition; it is painted in a very bold and masterly stile.

226. *The School-Boy.* H. THOMPSON, R. A.---We do not think this a successful effort, except in the colouring, which is tender and harmonious; the boy has an affectation in the turn of his head, the neck is too long, and the left hand, the action of which is natural, is too large.

231. *The Infant Bacchus, brought by Mercury to the Nymphs of Nysa.* H. HOWARD, A.---A very beautiful groupe; but there is in it a want of keeping which makes it very difficult to ascertain the situation of the flying Mercury: in all respects this picture is better than those which Mr. Howard exhibited last year, and deserves considerable approbation.

252. *Joseph and Mary resting with our Saviour, after a Day's Journey, on the Road to Egypt.* B. R. HAYDON.---This picture is not without a claim to praise. The general composition is correct, the drawing of the figures tolerably just, and the various parts studied with a diligent pencil. There is also an union and repose in the tone of the whole effect of colour, that is very pleasing; particularly as it coincides with the general idea of the subject. This picture is said to be the first historical attempt of a young artist; and, if so, we are glad to witness the care with which it appears to be executed. Fidelity of attention, and diligence of execution, are the best precursors of future excellence. What is called freedom of pencil is like Cicero's definition of *Fame* :-- "The best is that *which follows, not that which is followed.*"

293. *Miss R. Boughton as Lavinia.* J. SAXON.---The colouring of this portrait is excellent, and the attitude well conceived and graceful, and does infinite credit to the artist, who has only lately appeared before the public. We observed with pain that this, as well as the other works of Mr. Saxon, are placed in situations the most discouraging to the artist; but rising merit like his cannot be long obscured.

308. *Cow-Boys.* A. W. CALLCOTT, A.---The hues in this picture are natural and beautiful; it is a successful imitation of the manner of Cuype; but the shape and size of the picture would have admitted of the introduction of some objects of greater height and importance in the fore-ground.

318. *Mr. Phillips.* J. SAXON.---This we think the best portrait which Mr. Saxon has this year produced. Mr. Phillips being a public character, to whose liberal encouragement of literature the country is highly indebted, the observer cannot fail being struck with the fidelity of the likeness.

In the Council-room, Library, and Antique Academy, there are few productions of any particular merit, if we except the drawings of Mr. Edridge, some sketches by Mrs. C. Long, two pictures by Mr. I. R. Smith, (noticed in our last Number) some exquisite water-colour portraits, by Miss Emma Smith; a few theatrical likenesses by De Wilde, and an excellent view of the interior of Lord

Grosvenor's hall, ornamented with pictures and statues, the design of Mr. Porden. We ought also to observe, that in the council-room there is a very beautiful little picture (No. 427, *Evening*,) by Mr. Callcott.

Among the sculpture in the lower room Mr. Rossi's design of Lord Nelson, for Liverpool, is eminently superior.

We very much regret that it is not in our power, in a selection of this kind, particularly to advert to the merits of each individual performance, but we trust we have not neglected any of the most prominent features of the Exhibition, and that our impartiality in bestowing applause, or administering censure, will not be doubted by any of our readers.

In No. VIII. of *The Artist*, is an ingenious paper from Mr. Thomas Hope, recommending as a part of *general education*, that youth should be early instructed in the first elements of drawing; and taught to trace the forms and proportions of the most finished of nature's productions, the human frame. This, Mr. Hope conceives, is the only means of diffusing a just taste throughout the country, and carrying our arts and manufactures to the necessary perfection. No. IX. contains an excellent essay from the pen of Mr. Northcote, in which he successfully combats the received opinion, that painting is the follower of, and dependent on poetry: No. X. Remarks on Criticism, Virtù, and the Rewards of Authors and Painters, by Mr. Cumberland: No. XI. On the supposed Influence of Fashion on our opinions of Beauty; with Remarks on the introductory Chapter of Mr. Knight's "Inquiry into the Principles of Taste." This paper is furnished by Mr. Hoppner; and is followed by a letter, containing an account of *the origin of design*, illustrated by a beautiful oriental narrative. In No. XII. will appear some cursory strictures on modern art, and particularly sculpture, in England, previous to the establishment of the Royal Academy.

Our intended continuation of the memoir of the late Mr. Opie, is deferred, on account of the length of our remarks on the Exhibition.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

Novellettes. By Augustus Von Kotzebue. In Three Volumes, 12*mo.* 15*s. Phillips. London*, 1807.

These *Novellettes* are in the stile of all Kotzebue's other works. There is much to praise, and much to censure. He delights and disgusts almost in the same page; and we are afraid that these little stories, though the intention may be very moral, are more likely to mislead the head, and to corrupt the heart, than to produce any salutary effect.

The tales now published bear the following titles: 1. *The Grave on the Hill.* 2. *Shun even the Appearance of Vice.* 3. *The Guardian Angel.* 4. *The Revenge.* 5. *The Pigeon.* 6. *The Enthusiast.* 7. *The Vicar's Daughter.* 8. *The Little Lie.* 9. *Schad, a Benedictine Monk.* 10. *Insolent Arrogance.* 11. *The unhappy Husband's Complaint.* 12. *The Maid of Orleans, as Wife and Mother.* 13. *The Mysterious Cavern.*

The *Grave on the Hill* possesses no merit as a work of fancy. It is neither interesting nor natural, and we almost despise the heroine, who longs to detect her husband in an act of infidelity that she might forgive him, and, by this shew of generosity, recover his affections. The second story is still more insipid. In the *Guardian Angel* the author exhibits himself to more advantage. His descriptions are glowing, the incidents bold, and, though too romantic for belief, the narrative lays a strong hold of the feelings. The *Revenge* is extravagant, and has no recommendation to atone for its absurdity. A rich man is rejected by a young lady because he is not a nobleman. He hires a *poor* friend, a shoe-maker's son, to pass himself off for a man of rank, and supplies him with money to carry on the cheat more effectually. This *honourable* character, however, falls *really* in love, and,

overcome by his sentiments, discovers the iniquitous scheme that has been put in practice to betray her. His ingenuousness is rewarded by the offer of her hand in marriage.

The *Pigeon* is of a more pastoral character, and the construction of it is, upon the whole, pleasingly simple, though the simplicity sometimes borders on a silliness peculiar to the German writers.

The *Enthusiast* approaches nearer to living manners, and the moral is not without its use. A young married woman, who had borrowed her notions of the world principally from novels, interprets the calm, kind, confident affection of her husband into apathy or dislike—he has none of the raptures of romance, and therefore cannot love her. She plunges into fashionable dissipation, and her husband, feeling the inutility of reproaches, lays no restraint upon her conduct. Experience proves the absurdity of her notions, and the folly of her conduct. She repents; and, happily, before it is too late. The following incident is in Kotzebue's best stile, and we shall therefore give it at length.

"Ah (sighed Louisa) how wretched am I! And why? What can I do to relieve myself? Oh! how I now repent of having read so many novels, which deluded me with fictions! Filled as my head was with romantic notions, I found my husband cold and insensible; but, alas! he is more amiable than any I have hitherto seen. He loves me but little—yet he does love me. He is no enthusiast, but he is always kind and obliging. Tranquillity, not violent passions, can produce happiness. Have I lost every claim to this happiness? Do I yet retain any part of the friendship, confidence, and regard of my husband? Perhaps I may—I have not been governed by vicious inclinations. I have been led astray by too violent feelings, and an erroneous judgment. But, will he hear, will he believe me?

"Fly to him, Louisa—Why dost thou delay? What holds thee back?—The dread of humiliation. He continued good and generous during all thy follies---will he forsake thee when thou returnest full of repentance? Thou canst not fail, by this step, of regaining what thou hast lost, and reconciling thyself again to him. We can never say all is lost, if we retain our own regard."

Thus had a few sparks of virtue dispersed the mist which had clouded her reason. She resolved to throw herself at the feet of her husband. With a palpitating heart she reached his apartment---her hand was already on the lock of the door, when false shame held her back. She heard a noise, and flew again to her chamber. She made two more efforts to go, and twice more returned. Perhaps he was not alone: her heart again sunk: she heard the baron's

door shut; she listened anxiously;—he went through his apartment; and, as he passed, he asked, "How is my wife?"

"She is well," answered the servant.

Louisa was grieved that he should think so. She now heard his foot upon the stairs, and hastened to the window to look after him. The travelling carriage stood before the door; the baron entered it, and drove off.

"My God, the travelling carriage!" exclaimed Louisa, ringing the bell. The servant entered.

"Is my lord gone into the country?"

"He is gone to spend a few days in the country."

"Ah! (sighed Louisa,) why am I not with him!"

She shut herself up in her chamber, and was at home to no one. She wrote at least ten letters to the baron, and destroyed every one of them. A restless tenderness carried her to the chamber of her husband. She wished to pass her hours in solitude where he had passed his She would sit upon his chair, and play with his dog. As she entered, the first thing which struck her eyes was her own picture, in her straw hat and white dress! [*The dress in which she first attracted the baron's notice.*] She stood some time before it, considering it with anguish He had not banished her image. A ray of comfort now entered her soul, with the thought that he would not perhaps banish her from his society.

The countenance of the picture smiled cheerfully—that of the original swam in tears. "Thou oughtest not to laugh," said Louisa, and immediately a singular resolution took possession of her mind.

She rang for Paul, an old and faithful servant of the baron's, and ordered him to take the picture down, and carry it to her chamber.

"Dear lady, (said Paul,) this painting is my master's only comfort—how many hours have I seen him stand before it! And why should I conceal it—how many times have I surprized him weeping:—rob him not of this last joy!"

The baroness sobbed aloud. "Do as I bid you, (said she) I will restore the picture to its place before your master comes home." Paul obeyed, sighing. The baroness sent for a painter, who was desired to alter it according to her directions. In two days the picture was again in its place, and on the third the baron returned.

When he entered his apartment, he sought, as usual, the image of his wife; he started with surprize as he approached, and could scarcely believe his eyes! The straw hat was gone; the brown hair hung in disorder; instead of smiles stood a tear on the pale cheek. "Is it—can it be possible! Yes, I understand thee, dear Louisa,—thou art again mine—thou hast seen thy errors, and repentest—thou art again mine!"

With these words he flew to the apartment of the baroness—she sat anxiously waiting for him. What the pencil of the painter had imitated, he here saw in reality:—the disordered hair—the pale cheek—the tearful eye. When she heard the steps of the baron, she arose to meet him, and would have fallen on the ground, had not his arms received her.

"Louisa, have I understood thee?" She sobbed on his bosom, and attempted to speak, but he sealed her lips with kisses.

Happy moment! The commencement of many happy years! In a few days they left the city, and passed their lives in peace, love, and tranquillity, in the country."

The *Little Lie* is written to exemplify the fatal consequences to which the concealment of the truth, though without base motives, may probably lead. There is considerable ingenuity in this tale, but the conclusion of it is unnecessarily tragic. The moral did not require so melancholy a catastrophe.

The *Schad* is stated to be a *true story*. The object of it is to ridicule the superstitious mummeries of the Jesuits: and in this exposure some indecencies occur which disgrace the writer, and are not to be read without indignation and disgust. *Insolent Arrogance* is rather an anecdote than a novel. The author would fain infer that the French revolution was as much owing to the arrogance of the French noblesse as to any other cause. The *Unhappy Husband's Complaint* is another anecdote somewhat more whimsical. The article on the *Maid of Orleans* goes to establish, on the authority of an old manuscript, that Joan of Arc was not burnt by the English, but that she escaped, and was married, and bore children.

The *Mysterious Cavern* is one of the best pieces in the collection; but the spirit of *Hedwig* neither interests nor terrifies, and is introduced only at the conclusion of the story to destroy the effect of all the preceding circumstances.

The *Vicar and his Daughter* is the most important story of the whole. It is a tale of *seduction*, and terminates very affectingly, though there is nothing new or forcible in the incidents. The vanity of a husband in introducing his wife into company that she may be the object of public admiration is represented as the primary source of the misfortune; but as no man could guard against the villainies which are practised to injure Fernau's honour, and no innocence escape the artifices that are employed to ensnare the virtue of his wife, little benefit can be derived from the author's lesson.

In the course of the volumes there are some flings at nobility and religion in the usual stile of our author, who is of Rousseau's school; and is alternately pathetic and familiar, trifling and animated, moral and immoral, refined and gross, devout and impious.

The Stranger in England; or, Travels in Great Britain. Containing Remarks on the Politics, Laws, Manners, Customs, and distinguished Characters of that Country; and chiefly its Metropolis: with Criticisms on the Stage. The whole interspersed with a Variety of Characteristic Anecdotes. From the German of C. A. G. Goede. In Three Volumes, 12mo.; 15*s*. *Mathews and Leigh, London:* 1807.

The statements and opinions of Englishmen, with respect to other countries, have always been perused here with great avidity; but as we can neither confirm nor refute the accounts they are pleased to deliver to us, the authors, no doubt, frequently give a loose to imagination; and, when they are at a loss for facts, substitute whatever comes uppermost, without regard either to truth or probability. Their maxim is to *elevate and surprize*, and, setting detection at defiance, they boldly follow the career of *Baron Munchausen*, resolved to be equally marvellous, if they cannot rival him in entertainment. The *Stranger in England*, on the contrary, is more likely to deceive *himself* than *us*: if he *says his mind freely*, his remarks will merit our attention; he will exhibit to us, in their true colours, many manners and customs to which our national prejudice has given a hue that does not properly belong to them; and even his *own prejudices* (for what country is without them?) will afford matter for reflection and enquiry that may prove both interesting and useful.

M. Goede seems to be an ingenuous and intelligent writer; and, as far as we are enabled to judge, has taken a close and pretty accurate survey of our country. He arrived in England in 1802, just before the peace of Amiens, and remained here nearly two years. On his return to Germany he communicated his observations to his countrymen in five volumes, from which the most interesting parts are extracted in this translation.

The author commences with a liberal, and we feel happy in adding, a just compliment to our nation, "where (he says,) the genius of commerce has erected his standard, and the goddess of liberty has fixed her abode."

"The generality of travellers found their expectation respecting the national wealth of this country, upon the airy visions of their own heated brains. They figure to themselves magnificent castles for the nobles, streets composed of splendid palaces for the rich, and every exterior of pomp and luxury: while the *people* form a back ground to their picture, grouped in miserable classes of poverty and wretchedness. But what do they find the reality? Here Princes, Lords, and Commons, inhabit *one* description of houses; and many a wealthy Englishman devotes his life to the simplicity and domestic comforts of retirement.—No powerful baron presumes to aim at unbecoming pre-eminence; misery retires to the asylum which humanity provides for its relief; and an enviable equality is every where visible. The people appear to govern, while they obey; and never, on important questions, are they to be awed into a passive and abject submission."

As M. Goede has travelled into different parts of the world, he makes several comparisons between London and the principal cities of other countries, particularly *Paris;* and his observations seem to be guided by candour and veracity. These comparisons, and the reflections which the author indulges on our manners and amusements, are in fact the most valuable part of his performance, for we cannot feel much interested by descriptions of buildings and streets which we daily see, or of occupations in which we are constantly employed; though even here there may be sufficient novelty to many Englishmen, who, feeling no curiosity, have made no enquiries, and who, having once visited the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the Monument, are satisfied that they have seen every thing in the metropolis that is worthy of attention.

We thank M. Goede for the following opinion of our domestic character:

"I do not know a more interesting sight than an English fire side: and though the English are described to be a people unsusceptible of the finer feelings of the soul, and insensible to the charms of filial or parental affection, all who have had opportunities of domesticating in English families, must smile at the invidious falsehood.

This remark I understand to have originated in a Frenchman; and I cannot forbear laughing at the impudence of the charge, when I reflect, that, in France, no ties, not even that of marriage, are more lightly considered, than those of consanguinity.

In England, a magic circle round the fire-side, encompasses every blessing; they love, but they seem to do so in their own way. An Englishman detests the very semblance of any thing senti-

mental; whereas the third word from a Frenchman's lips, is always "*his heart.*" Now, in this country, I have never heard the term mentioned, except by divines or anatomists. The English are satisfied with the consciousness of feeling love, friendship, gratitude, and every honourable emotion; they leave the parade to others. A Frenchman will shed tears over a misfortune; an Englishman labours to conceal the agitations of his mind, and will force a smile upon his cheek, when his inward emotions are those of excessive grief. The former vents his boisterous friendship in a long embrace; the latter shews his cordiality by giving his friend a heartier shake by the hand. Hence it may fairly be inferred, that although the mutual affections between parents and children, are not manifest to every casual observer; yet to such as have an opportunity to observe their character, it is obvious, that this *apparent* coldness is the effect of constitutional prejudice, and has nothing to do with the real sensations by which they are actuated. There are moments, however, in all countries, when the heart opens involuntarily; and those are, perhaps, the most exquisite of our lives.

His remarks on English authors, booksellers, painters, statuaries, and actors, are in general just; but Dr. Johnson is treated with too much contempt, and Peter Pindar with a superabundance of respect. We believe the anecdote is quite new that "the first happy impression made in favour of German productions arose from Mr. Pitt; who, in a very large company, passed a high eulogium on the 'Robbers,' by Schiller; a translation of which he had read with pleasure. This declared opinion gave celebrity to the work, and successive editions were rapidly called for." We suspect that there is about as much truth in this report, as in the notion that prevails (as Mr. Goede tells us in another place) on the continent, that Warren Hastings *bribed the House of Lords to acquit him!*

On the English stage, and the art of acting, the author has expatiated at some length, and has shewn more liberality, and more knowledge of the subject, than we usually find in foreigners when they discuss this topic. He is of opinion that the English stage has lost much of its former splendour, and that it is rapidly decaying. The opinions of Dr. Johnson, who, in a former chapter, has been looked upon as the foe of literature, are also supposed to have contributed to the decline of the theatre. Instead of stopping to combat this error, we shall extract the passage in which the author describes the personal requisites of Mr. Kemble and Mr. Cooke. Of these great actors he speaks fully, and very ably.

The countenance of Kemble is the noblest and most refined; but the muscles are not so much at command as Cooke's are, who is also a first-rate comedian; but Kemble almost wholly rejects the comic muse. Both are most excellent in the gradual changes of the countenance; in which the inward emotions of the soul are depicted and interwoven as they flow from the mind. In this excellence I cannot compare any German actors, whom I have seen, with them, unless it be Issland and Christ; among French tragedians, even Talma and Lafond are far inferior to them.

Again,

Kemble has a very graceful manly figure, is perfectly well made, and his naturally commanding stature appears extremely dignified in every picturesque position, which he studies most assiduously. His face is one of the noblest I ever saw on any stage, being a fine oval, exhibiting a handsome Roman nose, a well-formed and closed mouth; his fiery and somewhat romantic eyes retreat as it were, and are shadowed by bushy eye-brows; his front is open and little vaulted; his chin prominent and rather pointed; and his features so softly interwoven, that no deeply-marked line is perceptible. His physiognomy, indeed, commands at first sight; since it denotes, in the most expressive manner, a man of refined sentiment, enlightened mind, and correct judgment. Without the romantic look in his eyes, the face of Kemble would be that of a well-bred, cold, and selfish man of the world; but this look, from which an ardent fancy emanates, softens the point of the chin and the closeness of the mouth. His voice is pleasing, but feeble; of small compass, but extreme depth. This is, as has been previously observed, the greatest natural impediment with which he, to whom nature has been thus bountiful, has still to contend.

Cooke does not possess the elegant figure of Kemble; but his countenance beams with great expression. The most prominent features in the physiognomy of Cooke are a long and somewhat hooked nose, a pair of fiery and expressive eyes, a lofty and somewhat broad front, and the lines of his muscles which move the lips are pointedly marked. His countenance is certainly not so dignified, as that of Kemble, but it discovers greater passion; and few actors are, perhaps, capable of delineating, in more glowing colours, the storm of a violent passion than Cooke. His voice is powerful, and of great compass; a pre-eminence which he possesses over Kemble, of which he skilfully avails himself. His exterior movements are, by far, inferior in the picturesque to those of Kemble.

From these specimens our readers may form a judgment of the entertainment which these volumes will afford. The stile is light and lively, and, among the contents, there is something to please every description of readers. The translation is dedicated to Sir John Carr, the intelligent author of the *Stranger in France*, *Stranger in Ireland*, and several other popular works.

All the Talents; a Satirical Poem, in Three Dialogues. By Polypus. 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. Stockdale;* 1807.

"*These pages were written without any motives whatever of party, private resentment, or personal interest.*" *Credat qui vult*, for we do not;—no publication ever smelt stronger of party; and the satire is frequently tinctured with venom and falsehood, which, if they do not flow from private resentment, have probably a much worse origin. The author, however, is himself a man of *talent*, and evidently belongs to that school which produced the *Pursuits of Literature*, the *Baviad, Maviad, &c.* "*Their name is legion, for they are many.*" But we shall leave the politicians to fight their own battles, and, not thinking it worth our while to disagree with the author on the subject of *all the Talents*, we shall amuse our readers with his opinion of Mr. Kemble's celebrated *aitches*, in which perhaps every body will concur.

"Not more agape the stupid audience star'd
"When Kemble spoke of *aitches* and a *baird*."

"I once (says Polypus) thought Mr. Kemble classical; I now find him pedantic. In the name of common sense, and the end of language, (which is, I suppose, *to speak intelligibly*,) what can Mr. Kemble mean by calling aches, *aitches!* Does *aitches* mend the meaning? No. Does *aitches* perform any one act either useful or ornamental? No. *Aitches*, then, it seems, is an old dead gentleman conjured from the grave, to terrify a worthy sentence, 'till it loses its wits, and talks what nobody can comprehend. I do not see why Mr. K. should puzzle an entire audience, in order to shew that he once read an old edition of Shakspeare. And let me add, that his obstinacy in adhering to this absurd pronunciation, after the nightly hisses it experiences, betrays an ignorance of decorum, and a want of humility, that always accompanies much vanity, and little learning."

This fling at the late ministry is attributed to Mr. Frere.

All the Blocks! Or, an Antidote to 'All the Talents,' a Satirical Poem. In Three Dialogues. By Flagellum. 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. Mathews and Leigh;* 1807.

The poem we have just noticed is in ridicule of *All the Talents.* The object of this performance is to shew that the present administration possesses *no talents at all.*

The public will judge which of the two is in the right--- "their bane and *antidote* are both before them." The presumption is certainly strongest on the side of *Flagellum*, who may reasonably wonder how a *lawyer* can be a good *financier*; a *general officer*, a proper conductor of our *naval affairs*; a *Secretary of State*, who is said to be ignorant of the *French language*, a skilful negociator with *Foreign Ministers;* and a Noble Duke, who retired from public life a few years ago, on account of *his increasing age and infirmities*, a competent person to guide the helm of our state-vessel through the storms and tempests of these critical and portentous times!

We have one consolation amid all these changes, and struggles for political power. Whatever may be the skill or ignorance of our rulers, we believe there is sufficient good sense and public spirit in the country, to support it under all its difficulties, in spite of impotent or ambitious ministers, a factious opposition, pretended loyalists, or mock patriots.

Stultifera Navis; Or, The Modern Ship of Fools. 12*mo.* 8*s. Miller;* 1807.

A work intended to be satirical, upon the plan of Alexander Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, first printed in 1509. We have read some of the text, and a few of the notes, but as we can understand neither, we presume the author will assign to us a seat in his *Stultifera Navis.*

The contents are included in fifty-six sections, of which the first and the last seem very much to the purpose. One treats of *foolish unprofitable books*, and the other informs us that the *author is a fool.*

A Treatise on Indigence; Exhibiting a General View of the National Resources for Productive Labour; with Propositions for ameliorating the Condition of the Poor, and improving the Moral Habits, and increasing the Comforts of the Labouring People, particularly the rising Generation, by Regulations of Political Economy, calculated to prevent Poverty from descending into Indigence, to produce Sobriety and Industry, to reduce the Parochial Rates of the Kingdom, and generally to promote the Happiness and Security of the Community at large, by the Diminution of Moral and

Penal Offences, and the future Prevention of Crimes. By P. Colquhoun, Esq. L. L. D. 8*vo. pp.* 302. *Hatchard;* 1807.

This copious title affords a good general view of the work. The intelligent and indefatigable magistrate, who has so ably investigated our system of police, and so materially improved it, has collected his thoughts and observations on the present condition of the poor, in the hope that they may be found interesting and useful at this crisis, when the legislature appears inclined to bestow its serious attention upon so important a subject.

Mr. Colquhoun makes these distinctions between *indigence* and *poverty*.

"*Poverty* is that state and condition in society where the individual has no surplus labour in store, and, consequently, no property but what is derived from the constant exercise of industry in the various occupations of life; or in other words, it is the state of every one who must labour for subsistence.

Poverty is therefore a most necessary and indispensable ingredient in society, without which nations and communities could not exist in a state of civilization. It is the lot of man—it is the source of *wealth*, since without poverty there would be *no labour*, and without *labour* there could be *no riches*, no *refinement*, no *comfort*, and no *benefit* to those who may be possessed of wealth—inasmuch as without a large proportion of poverty, surplus labour could never be rendered productive in procuring either the conveniences or luxuries of life.

Indigence therefore, and not *poverty*, is the evil. It is that condition in society which implies *want*, *misery*, and *distress*. It is the state of any one who is destitute of the means of subsistence, and is unable to labour to procure it to the extent nature requires. The natural source of subsistence is the labour of the individual; while that remains with him, he is denominated *poor:* when it fails in whole or in part he becomes *indigent*.

The condition of man is susceptible of four material distinctions:

1. Utter inability to procure subsistence } Indigence.
2. Inadequate ability — — — — }
3. Adequate ability and no more — — Poverty.
4. Extra ability, which is the ordinary state of man, and is the source of wealth.

But it may happen, and does sometimes happen in civil life, that a man may have ability to labour, and cannot obtain it. He may have labour in his possession, without being able to dispose of it.

The great desideratum, therefore, is to prop up *poverty* by judicious arrangements at those critical periods when it is in danger of descending into indigence. The barrier between these

two conditions in society is often slender, and the public interest requires that it should be narrowly guarded, since every individual who retrogrades into indigence, becomes a loss to the body politic, not only in the diminution of a certain portion of productive labour, but also in an additional pressure on the community by the necessary support of the person and his family, who have thus descended into *indigence*."

The work will be found to contain an abundance of valuable information, arranged under different heads, and many wise and excellent propositions for the improvement of society. Among the remedies suggested are, the establishment of a board of general and internal police; an improved system of friendly societies; a board of education for the superintendance of the children of the poor, under a national system; and some new regulations respecting apprentices. Mr. Colquhoun's statements are founded upon authentic documents, and his remarks and inferences merit the most serious and deliberate attention. Of such a production we can only point out the general tendency; and the author's chief design being to prevent moral and criminal offences, rather than to punish them, every friend to his country and to humanity will, of course, be anxious to promote so benevolent and desirable an object.

The Curfew; a Play, in Five Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane. By the late John Tobin, Esq. Author of the Honey-Moon. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* *Phillips;* 1807.

We have pointed out the *dramatic merit* of this play in a former Number. It remains to give a specimen of the language, according to our promise; and we consider the following as exhibiting the poetical powers of the author to their best advantage.

Matilda's exculpation of herself from the charge of witchcraft is in the true spirit of poetry.

MAT. Holy father,
I answer with the voice of innocence,
That I enjoy the silent hour of night,
And shun the noisy tumult of the day,
Prize the pale moon beyond the solar blaze,
And choose to meditate while others sleep.
If these are crimes I am most culpable.
For, from the inmost feeling of my soul,

I love the awful majesty sublime
Of Nature in her stillness---To o'erlook,
Fixt on some bleak and barren promontory,
The wide interminable waste of waves;
To gaze upon the star-wrought firmament
Till mine eyes ache with wonder---these are joys
I gather undisturb'd---The day's delights
I am proscrib'd; and, if I venture forth
To taste the morning's freshness, I am star'd at
As one of nature's strangest prodigies.
At my unmeasur'd step, and rude attire,
The speechless babe is taught to point the finger,
And unbreech'd urchins hoot me as I pass,
And drive me to the shelter of my cottage.
The very dogs are taught to bark at me!
But to your charge: I am accused, most wrongly,
Of having both the faculty and will
T 'infest the earth with plagues, and man with sickness—
Of holding converse with superior beings:—
Why, what a mockery of sense is this?
It is the wildest stuff of folly's dreams,
That I, possessing super-human pow'r,
Should thus submit to human agency,
And being brought by your rude vassals here,
Stand to be judg'd by man!

Again, when she offers to restore to the baron his supposed dead wife:

MAT. Be she in heav'n or hell, I'll bring her to thee---
Scatter'd throughout the ocean, I'll reknit
Her sea-bleach'd bones, put living flesh upon them,
Light up her eyeless sockets with twin stars,
Bid the warm blood rush thro' her kindling veins,
And her heart beat with new-created life;
A breathing woman she shall stand before thee,
And thou, in freezing horror and amazement,
Shalt look more like a corse unshrouded.

After perusing these extracts, who can refrain, in the present theatrical dearth, from lamenting the early death of so promising a dramatic poet?

An Epitome of Scripture History; chiefly abstracted from Dr. Watts' Short View, &c. 12*mo.* 4*s. Darton and Harvey;* 1807.

We can heartily recommend this useful abridgement, as a very fit compendium to be put into the hands of

young persons, in order to familiarize them with the most striking events recorded in the Bible. The stile is judiciously adapted to their tender capacities.

A Defence of the Slave Trade, on the Grounds of Humanity, Policy, and Justice. 8vo. 2s. *Hipley;* 1807.

We think the author might have left *humanity* out of the question. Of the *policy* of the trade we have great doubts, but none of its iniquity. In point of *justice*, his ground is still less tenable; for how can we reconcile a *justice* to the interests of a few mercenary individuals, with *injustice* and cruelty to the whole African race?

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Six Divertimentos for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the German Flute, composed by I. F. Hering, Op. 4. Price 6s. Longman.

These divertimentos are evidently written for younger performers than the sonatas which we noticed last month. They are composed in an easy, familiar style, and, although devoid of any striking beauties, are not by any means uninteresting. The movements are well contrasted, and relieve each other with considerable effect. The flute accompaniment is judiciously adapted, and the work on the whole will be found a pleasing and useful addition to the piano forte music of young performers.

Nos. 2 and 3. Monthly Minstrelsy; a periodical Miscellany of Poetry and Prose, written and composed by T. D. Worgan, Price 1s. each.

No. 2 of this work contains a ballad, of which some of the passages are pretty, but the general effect rather dull, from the too frequent repetition of the same ideas. The air is supported by a busy accompaniment. The waltz which follows would have been more in place amongst a set of country dances. The complaint which Mr. Worgan makes so angrily against Messrs. Harris and Kemble, for rejecting his opera, we think had much better have been omitted; the prologue is very well. No. 3 contains a duett, which is certainly the best composition that Mr. Worgan has inserted in this work. Considerable ingenuity is displayed in the contrivance, and skill in the arrangement of it: the parts lead into, and answer each other, so as to produce an effect both novel and pleasing; and the accompaniment discovers taste and judgment.

"*The Maid of Marlivale,*"

As sung by Mr. Vaughan, with the greatest applause; the words by T. Moore, Esq. set to Music with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte, by W. Fish. Price 1*s.* 6*d. Broderip and Wilkinson.*

This song possesses some merit. The air certainly does not discover much originality; but, assisted by an accompaniment which is varied through every verse, the *tout ensemble* produces rather a pleasing effect. The chief fault of the song lies in the indiscriminate use of ornament; indeed, Mr. Fish has scattered his embellishments with so liberal a hand, that it is rather difficult for the singer to add to the number. Mr. Braham, we believe, began the custom of publishing his compositions with the ornaments which bedecked them; whether this was to shew his skill as a composer, or to display his powers as a singer, we know not; but, in our opinion, it is a custom much "more honour'd in the breach than the observance."

"*Borne in yon blaze of orient sky,*"

A favourite Duett, as sung by Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, composed and respectfully inscribed to Lady Frances Pratt, by Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge. The Poetry by the late Dr. Darwin. Price 2*s.* 6*d. Birchall.*

This is one of the best duetts that we have for some time noticed. Dr. Clarke has displayed much taste in the conception, and skill in the arrangement of it; the parts sing well together, and there is a gracefulness as well as brilliancy throughout, which bespeaks the genius of the composer. The divisions, although no entirely new, are elegant; and the duett, on the whole, will certainly add to Dr. Clarke's well-earned reputation.

No. 3. *The Vocal Magazine, consisting of Canzonets, Madrigals, Songs, Duetts, Trios, Glees, &c. composed by Jos. Kemp. Price* 3*s. Wheatstone.*

The first piece of this number is an air adapted to Shenstone's ballad of "*O sweet Anne Page.*" The melody is very simple, and will depend for effect almost entirely on the ability of the singer. The ballad which follows is well conceived, a bold and somewhat novel accompaniment greatly heightens its effect, and gives it a consid rable degree of spirit. The glee "*I love a foe like Cathmor,*" displays very fair talents for that species of composition: the first movement opens well, and the subject is worked up with judgment; the larghetto which leads again into the first movement is pleasing and elegant. Mr Kemp keeps up the character of his work with considerable spirit, and we hope he meets with that encouragement of which he s really deserving.

Prelude and Air for the Piano Forte, composed by W. Crotch, Mus. Doc. Price 1*s.* 6*d. Birchall.*

Of Dr. Crotch, as a composer, it is impossible to speak but in terms of the highest commendation. It frequently happens that such persons as discover great and extraordinary talents at an early

age, do not as they grow up attain that pre-eminence which they at first seemed likely to claim; but of Dr. Crotch it may fairly be said, that his powers as a musician have "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." The exuberant and florid style, which some of his youthful compositions displayed, is softened and chastized by the experience of more mature judgment. Devotedly attached to the unrivalled works of Handel, he seems destined to preserve the style of that greatest of composers; and he is, perhaps, without exception, the most successful disciple of our great master of song. The present composition is evidently formed on the style of Handel's harpsichord lessons. The first movement contains those rich and magnificent combinations of sound, those masterly strokes of modulation, which distinguish the preludios of Handel. The air forcibly reminds us of that well-known and exquisite one which is contained in the No. 5 of Handel's first set. The variations are most skilfully and pleasingly conceived, and the lesson will be found an exquisite treat to all lovers of good music.

"*The Beggars,*"

A favourite Glee for three Voices, sung by the Messrs Knyvetts at the Nobility's Concerts, composed by Wm. Knyvett. Price 1s. 6d. *Birchall.*

Mr. Knyvett is very well known as a singer, but his compositions we believe have not been numerous. Such of them as have come under our knowledge, especially his glees, have been quite deserving that public approbation which they have generally obtained. The glee before us, we must confess, we do not think very highly of: as a composition it is rather destitute of invention, and seems to depend on the assistance of a busy accompaniment for effect. We have before expressed our opinion on the practice of writing accompaniments to glees; we see no reason to change it: for a good glee needs not the addition of an accompaniment; and the defects of a bad one are very ill compensated for, by an extra quantity of noise.

Mr. Dibdin is about to publish a periodical work, to be completed in twenty-six numbers, consisting of a series of short and simple essays and songs, calculated to assist the musical education of young ladies. The work will be entitled the *Musical Mentor*, or *St. Cecilia at School.*

Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge, is preparing for publication a Selection from the Works of PURCELL, to consist of his most favourite songs, duetts, &c. with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte.

(Notices of musical publications will be thankfully received, and inserted in this department of our work.)

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.——*Shakspeare.*

DRAMATIC FICTION AND IMITATION.

The foundation of dramatic poetry is not barely imitation, which has, in common with all other kinds, but probable fiction, or well-invented fable. I need not say much in justification of fiction: the best writers have often employed it to make the strongest impressions, and to convey the most important truths. The *Greeks* always began the education of their children by it; their first theology snd philosophy was concealed under it. *Strabo*, in his first book, has a fine passage that makes to this purpose---" In the first place, (says that judicious writer,) poets are not alone in the use of fables: critics and lawgivers had long before employed them, both for their usefulness, and in conformity to the natural inclination of a rational creature. Man is willing to learn, and fable opens him the way. By this our children begin to hearken to what we say; the reason of which is, that fable is a kind of a new story, not of what really is, but of something very different. Now nothing delights the understanding more than what is new and strange, and it is this makes us love the sciences. Therefore if you add the wonderful and marvellous to fable, that infinitely increases our delight, which is the first inducement to learn. It is therefore highly proper to make use of fable, to draw the tender minds of children to the love of knowledge; and when they are more advanced in years, and their understanding has gathered strength, so that there is no longer occasion to caress and indulge them, then let them be introduced into real science, and taught to know things by what they are." Thus far *Strabo*.

It is certainly true, that the strong propensity to imitation, which nature has implanted in us, is the source of all study and application. This disposition gives fiction, which is only a happy imitation of what might probably happen, a great advantage over truth itself, which being artless, and of ordinary occurrence, has less power

to excite and keep up our attention. Besides, in a just imitation, one discovers that subtilty and address in the contrivance, which, by setting the mind upon making proper reflections, puts it in the way to discover something new: and, according to Aristotle, (Rhet. Lib. 1. Cap. 11.) the pleasure we take in seeing a just imitation, does not arise from the beauty of the original imitated, but from the mind's thereby finding the means to reason and instruct itself agreeably. Hence some philosophers very justly argued against the Epicureans, when they maintained, that the pleasure people take at shows can arise neither from the sense of hearing nor seeing, but from the mind only, which understands and judges. An instance from painting will illustrate *Aristotle's* position. Most grotesque figures, that please by their ridiculous deformity in a picture, would give disgust in the originals. So monsters and other hideous shapes, that we can consider without emotion upon the canvas, and in colours, would, if they were really present, fill us with horror and aversion. But to return to fiction—

As it is the soul of all poetry, but particularly the dramatic and epic, so it is that which makes the most essential difference between the historian and the poet. *Aristotle (Poet. Cap. 9.)* seems to have established this truth. 'Should any one, (says the philosopher,) put Herodotus's history into verse, it would be but history still. Here then is the difference. The historian describes what has happened, and the poet, what might, or ought to come to pass. So that poetry is more grave and moral than history, because the former says general things, and the latter only particulars. A general thing is what every man, of such a certain character, should probably say or do, &c. This is the very method which poetry follows, when it gives proper names to its characters. A particular thing is what *Alcibiades*, for instance, has actually said or done, &c. This most evidently appears in comedy: (meaning the middle *Greek* comedy), for the comic poets having formed the plan of their subject agreeable to probability, impose what names they please afterwards upon their characters, not imitating the satirists, who apply them to particulars. It is true, the tragic poets often use real names; but the reason is, because what has happened must be credible; however it is common for them

to think one or two known names sufficient, and invent the rest. Nay, there are tragedies extant, where no part of the subject is known; as the *Flower* of Agathon; in which play, all the names, as well as things, were of the poet's invention: and yet it met with general approbation. Besides, such subjects as are known, are known but to few persons, and yet, when brought on the stage, they divert all. So that it is manifest, that a dramatic poet is more obliged to be the author of his subject, than his verses, since he is a poet only by imitation.' So far *Aristotle* on this head. I think the philosopher's words want no explanation, unless where he has said, that dramatic poetry is more grave and philosophical than history: and his proof is sufficient. For, as particular facts are the subject of history, it can never be so wsll proportioned to the generality of readers, as poetry, which treats of general matters. A man may read a whole history through, without meeting with one occurrence to his particular purpose, during the whole course of his life; and those whom it may seem to suit in some respects, may live many years before they have occasion to put them in practice. Besides, facts never can instruct us so well as the knowledge of the causes of those facts, which the historian seldom does, and hardly ever can explain, as being, for the most part, concealed from his knowledge: so that the best he can do, is to give you his own conjectures. But the poet, being the master of his subject, advances nothing, of which he does not let you into the motive, explaining the causes and effects of every the most minute incident. History has only narration to recommend it to our observation. Dramatic poetry has all the advantages of action and representation to enforce it. Every thing is animated in tragedy. All our senses and passions are employed. But further; history does not borrow the assistance of philosophy, harmony, and numbers, which poetry does, to enliven and adorn it. If these reflections will not convince us, that Aristotle thoroughly understood the nature of the two arts, when he said, that poetry was more moral than history, we may turn to Horace, who has said more of Epic poetry, giving it the preference to philosophy for instruction. And yet Epic poetry, as it has not the help

of the stage, and does not raise the passions, is so far inferior, at least of less power and efficacy than tragedy. But hear Horace---

Trogani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, *Præneste relegi*;
Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Rectius et melius Chrysippo *et* Crantore *dicit.*

Lib. I. Epist. 2.

While you to plead at *Rome*, my friend, remain,
I here have read my *Homer* o'er again:
Who hath what's base, what decent, just, and good,
Clearer than *Crantor* or *Chrysippus* shew'd.

Creech.

When *Homer* paints the anger of *Achilles*, it is with an intent to shew what violence and anger may make men of his character do and say. *Achilles* is a general and allegorical person in the Iliad. The same holds good of the heroes in tragedy. Even the old comedy was not altogether deficient in this respect. For instance, when *Aristophanes* names some of the persons in his plays, *Socrates*, *Euripides*, *Cleon*, *Hyperbolus*, *Lamachus*, though they were real names, the subject was fictitious in the main, and to be considered as something general. In like manner, when a tragic poet takes his subject from true history, it becomes general and allegorical, as well as that which is wholly fictitious, and of his own invention. A great reason that induces poets to give known and real names to their characters, is the better to persuade the audience of the probability of the action. Besides, they hence very often take occasion to adapt some of the real adventures of those persons to their fiction, and extract such ingenious episodes from them, as very much heighten the probability of the whole, and make it sometimes pass with the audience for a true history. S.

THE FOREIGN THEATRES.

AMERICA.

From Junsen's Stranger in America.

THE first dramatic representation in the then colonies of America, was performed in Philadelphia, by a small company from England, under the management of Mr.

Douglass, father-in-law to Mr. Hallam, of the New York theatre, and Mrs. Mattocks, of Covent Garden. Some few years before the commencement of the revolutionary war, Douglass had erected a regular theatre in Philadelphia; but that event drove him to seek his fortune in the West India islands.

Peace being restored, Mr. Hallam, in right of his father-in-law, claimed the theatre, and went to London for performers. He there acted Hamlet, I believe at Drury-lane, and with some success. Having formed a connection with Mr. Henry, who about that time unsuccessfully attempted the arduous part of Othello, at Covent Garden, they made up a small company, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Kenna, of the Manchester company, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. Harper, a young gentleman of promising abilities, and a few recruits from strolling companies. The theatre in Philadelphia was fitted up and embellished in a good style; the scenery dresses, and decorations, being far superior to what Douglass had exhibited. The astonishment of the Americans, at the first representation of a tragedy, which required magnificence, may easily be imagined. The theatre immediately became a place of fashionable resort, to the great emolument of the p rformers.

In the company was a favourite actor of the name of Wignal, who, aspiring to management, had the address, in concert with Mr. Reinagle, a musician, and a monied man, to obtain a large subscription, towards erecting a new and more spacious theatre. He saw the foundation laid, and then embarked for England, in order to form a company which might excel that from which he had lately seceded. The other managers were not idle in counteracting his plans. Mr. Henry arrived before him and engaged Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, [late Miss Brett] of the Bath company, the celebrated Mrs. Wrighten, of Drury-lane, who at that time was under some unhappy domestic embarrassment, Mr. Prigmore, of the Rochester theatre, and a few others of established reputation in the provincial companies. This formidable reinforcement arrived, and performed with unbounded applause a whole season before the new theatre opened.

Wignal was long delayed in England; but, in the summer of 1793, he arrived in the river Delaware, with a company which would have done credit to a theatre-royal. At this time the yellow fever first broke out in Philadelphia, and raged to a most alarming degree. The actors were landed at Wilmington, 30 miles below the seat of contagion; and, in the winter, opened their campaign in an elegant new theatre in Chesnut-street. The other theatre, with what was called the old American company, had also commenced the season; and at no period during the management of Garrick at Drury-Lane, and Rich at Covent-Garden, was rivalship carried on with more spirit. The inhabitants flocked alternately to each, and the comparative merits of the companies formed the principal subject of the day. Mr. Hodgkinson had become deservedly very popular; and, to oppose him, Mr. Fennel, as the champion of the new company, came forward in Othello, and was received with bursts of applause. In comic operas Mrs. Wrighten had delighted the audience, supported by Mrs. Hodgkinson, also a first-rate singer. To these were opposed Mrs. Oldmixon, (late Miss George, of Drury-Lane,) Miss Broadhurst, from Covent-Garden, and Mrs. Seymour, from the Portsmouth theatre; and thus both houses gave a rich musical treat, alternately with comedy and tragedy, every night during the season, and to overflowing houses. In Wignal's company were also Chalmers, formerly the harlequin at Covent-Garden, but now a first-rate comedian; Darley, from the same theatre; young Blisset, from Bath; Warren, Francis, Biddle, Green, Finch, &c. all eminent in their line of acting. Tragedy, from the support of Mrs. Merry, was decidedly in favour of the new company: the other house having no actress to stand in competition with her. On the other hand, with the lively acting of Mrs. Hodgkinson, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Hallam, and Mrs. Morris, comedy seemed to incline to the old American company. The ballet-dances, at the new theatre, had a powerful attraction. They were led by Byrne, from Covent-Garden, assisted by Francis, a good dancer, and a favourite comic performer. Philadelphia, notwithstanding the fever in the summer, was a scene of gaiety in the winter. Besides the attraction of

the theatres, Rickets and Lailson* had each amphitheatres, whose rival horsemanship and burlettas were also well attended.

[*To be continued.*]

MR. ELLISTON.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

A NEW evening paper called the Pilot, has given a long criticism on Mr. Elliston's performance of the character of Fitzharding, in which the critic condemns the actor, for substituting the word "regiment," in place of "valiant troop," a mistake (according to him) peculiarly absurd, as no body of men were called "a regiment," at the time the scene is supposed to have passed—and *this*, it is added, on the *third* night of representation!——with a note of admiration, intimating extreme carelessness or stupidity in the performer. It is but justice to Mr. Elliston to state, that the word "regiment," made part of the original copy of the Curfew—that "regiment" held its place in the speech, on the first, second, and third nights of the performance, but that after the third night, Mr. Tobin, (brother to the author) desired that the words "valiant troop," should be substituted.

M. C.

THEATRICAL MISERIES.

Coming to London, from a great distance, for the sole purpose of gratifying your loyal curiosity, once before you die, with a sight of the Royal Family at the play; then, on entering the house, finding that the place kept for you is directly over their heads; so that, when you have painfully stretched yourself farther and

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* I am informed, that both these men, at different times, were drowned in returning to Europe, with the property acquired by their exhibitions in America.

farther over the front of the box till you are in danger of getting a fuller view of them *from the Pit*, you at length succeed in catching the tip of a Princess's feather, or— if you are still more fortunate—of a royal nose!

After going very early to the Opera, for the sole purpose of hearing a celebrated duo, in the *first* act, (for which you had always come in too late) learning from the bill, as you take your seat, that you are to be cut short off with the *second*, which you already know by heart.

At the Play—just as you are beginning to recover yourself, after a song of unequalled length and insipidity, to which the singer has *added* the *deficiencies* of taste, time, and tune,—"encore! encore!"---from every mouth in the house but your own, which is fully taken up with hissing, and gaping alternately.

Kemble in comedy---with a great-coat on.

The present *reformed* state of the Dramatis Personæ at the Theatres, consisting of a total transposition of ages and characters among the performers; the matrons and seniors of the stage frisking and dashing through the parts of romps and rakes; turning Grecian *daughters* into *grandmothers*, and young lovers into rheumatic twaddlers; while their little ones are laying down Tom Thumb, the Children in the Wood, &c. and getting leave from their mammas to "round their baby-brows" with crowns and tiaras, as the toddling Zaras and lisping Lears of the scene. I last night went to the house, in a humour to be rationally amused, and little thinking to find any thing under full age and size upon the boards---and there did I see one of these tyrants from the nursery (*it* was in Bajazet!) turning its trip into a strut, like a Lilliputian grenadier, trying to knit its brow, and flourishing its little falchion at an overgrown victim of its vengeance, who was bending half way down, to hear more distinctly the penny-trumpet tones in which he was threatened; he was discreet enough, however, to seem quite unmoved by it all; for fear, no doubt, of acting upon the wrong muscles in the countenances of the audience.---Why, now, *we* may laugh, or swear, at all this, as we please; but the public sees no joke in the case: the boobies are now getting to choose their players as they do their pease:---the smaller and younger the

better!---Plague take the folly, where will it stop? For as to what I have now stated, it is nothing! absolutely nothing!---In the *country*, they are getting far beyond us; it was but last week that, as I was riding by a provincial theatre, my eye was caught by the huge letters of a bill on the walls: you may guess what I felt, when, on looking it over, I found what follows:---

At the Theatre Royal,

On Monday next, will be presented

THE TEMPEST.

In which, by particular Desire, the Part of CALIBAN will be performed, for her own Benefit, by

MISS BIDDY SUCKLING,

An Infant, not yet quite Four Years old!

and who appeared in the same Character, *almost Two Years ago*, with such universal Applause at the Theatre, Dublin.

N. B. The

INFANT CALIBAN

Will introduce (for that Night only) a Song, in Character, written and composed, and to be sung and accompanied, by herself.

To which will be added

LOVE A-LA-MODE.

The Part of SIR ARCHY MACSARCASM, *by the Child.*

***** The Parts of CORIOLANUS, KING HENRY THE EIGHTH, and SHYLOCK, have been some time in Rehearsal by MISS BIDDY, and will be performed by her as soon as the daily Bulletin shall declare her sufficiently recovered from her *Hooping Cough*; a Disorder, which the Public must have perceived, is rather friendly, than otherwise, to her Performance of CALIBAN, in which she will, therefore, continue to appear, during the Remainder of the Season.**

The Pit will, as usual, be laid into Boxes, on every Night of Miss Biddy's Appearance in

CALIBAN.

The Manager further respectfully acquaints the Public, that, in consequence of the numerous and calamitous Accidents which have arisen, from the unexampled pressure of the Crowd on the Child's Nights, *Skilful Surgeons* will, henceforth, be regularly stationed in all Parts of the House.

Vivant Rex et Regina.

LACHRYMAL GLUM.

POETRY.

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

Mr. CONDUCTOR,

IT is said of a celebrated Roman, that he generally triumphed over bodily indisposition by intense adplication of mind. For the last three weeks I have been doomed to a recumbent posture, in consequence of a severe surgical operation. On the first day of my confinement, the maxim of Cicero occurred to me, and I have had ample opportunities to try its efficacy. Success hath realized my expectation, and my hours have passed with uncommon tranquillity. The following verses were composed to beguile my pain; and they are sent for publication, not from any idea I entertain of their superior excellence---but in hopes that the design which gave them birth may reach th ears of some fellow-sufferers, and enable them to triumph over a few, at least, of those "thousand ills which flesh is heir to." Indeed, an individual, long disciplined in the seminary of affliction, (which hath been my case, in no small degree, these last nine months,) natura ly outlives every desire---but that of being useful.

With sincere wishes for the success of your promising Miscellany,

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

April 18*th*, 1807. W.

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

Wrapt in thy robes of rosy hue,
Resplendent as the pearly dew,
That decks the rising day,
Descend, Hygeia, from the sky,
Suppress the ardent heaving sigh,
And own this votive lay.

I ask no earthly stores or power,
While prostrate to thy sacred bower,
With suppliant hands I go:
Far nobler boons I would obtain,
From climes where solid pleasures reign,
Uncheck'd by deeds of woe.

What were the charms of growing wealth,
Without the magic glee of health,
And glowing tints divine?
Religion's power might sometimes fail,
And Reason's light could nought avail,
Without some rays of thine.

Yet touch'd by thine inspiring wand,
The germs of mind at once expand,
And Fancy spreads her wings:
To realms above she mouuts sublime,
Unmeasur'd by the wheels of time,
And there enraptur'd sings.

Creation smiles on every sense,
When seen through thy enchanting lens,
Array'd in orient hues.
No sable clouds or storms arise;
Meridian splendours vest the skies,
And streams of bliss diffuse.

Hence——all ye sons of vice and pride,
And in the caves of darkness hide
Your nightly deeds profane;
Approach not where the Goddess strews
Her evening rays and early dews,
Soft glitt'ring o'er the plain.

But save—oh! save the yielding fair
From starving whims and Fashion's snare,
Deep gulph of ills unknown!
Restore again the fading bloom,
And rescue from the op'ning tomb,
The rose so newly blown.

Fann'd by thy mild and cheering gale,
On hill, or heath, or lonely dale,
With peace and comfort blest,
Grant that my days may gently flow,
If not full high—yet seldom low,
Till Nature sinks to rest.

SONNET

TO A WORN-OUT PEN.

Alas! old friend! and are we doom'd to part!
Worn to the stump, I see thy faded form!
You caught each soft effusion of my heart,
And form'd the glowing line with feeling warm.
Well hast thou serv'd me, and as long as well;
'Tis true with care I oft would mend thy shape,
Still thy successor boldly dares to tell,
That men, from time, no more than pens escape.
Yet, though in serving me you are worn out,
This recollection soothes the parting sigh;
Ne'er hast thou taught meek virtue's mind to doubt,
Or forc'd a tear from timid beauty's eye.
Farewell, then, partner of each pensive hour,
Friend of the closet, fav'rite of the bower.

I. M. L.

February 3, 1807.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

APRIL.

29. Duenna—Wood Dæmon.

30. [Mrs. POWELL's Benefit.] ADELGITHA, or *the Fruits of a Single Error* The characters by Messrs Raymond, H. Siddons, Elliston; Mrs. Powell; Mrs. H. Siddons; Miss Boyce. Prologue and Epilogue, by Mr Bartley, and Mr. Elliston.—Of Age to-morrow. Maria, (1st time) Miss Duncan.

MAY.

1. Travellers—Wood Dæmon,

2. Adelgitha—Ib.

4. [Mr. ELLISTON's Night.] Dramatist (1st time at this theatre.) Vapid, Mr. Elliston; Lord Scratch, Mr. Dowton; Ennui, Mr. Bannister; Floriville, Mr. Palmer; Neville, Mr. H. Siddons; Mariana, Miss Duncan; Lady Waitfort, Mrs. Sparks; Miss Courtney, Mrs. H. Siddons.—My Grandmother—Don Juan. Don Juan and Scaramouch (for that night only) Mr. Elliston and Mr. Mathews.

5. 6. Adelgitha—Wood Dæmon.

7. [Mrs. MOUNTAIN's Benefit.] Mountaineers. Zorayda, (1st time) Mrs. Mountain.—Fair Circassian—Weathercock.

8. False Alarms—Wood Dæmon.

9. Adelgitha—Young Hussar.

11. [Mr. BRAHAM's Night.] Artaxerxes. Artaxerxes (1st time, and for that night only) Signora Storace; Artabanes, Mr. Kelly; Arbaces (1st time and for that night only) Mr. Braham; Semira, Mrs. Bland; Mandane, Mrs. Dickons.—No Song no Supper. Frederick and Margaretta (for that night only) Mr. Braham and Signora Storace.

12. Adelgitha—Devil to pay.

13. Travellers—Weathercock.

14. Tekeli—Who's the Dupe—Wood Dæmon.

15. [Miss POPE's Benefit.] Duenna—High life below Stairs—Don Juan.

18. [Mr. JOHNSTONE's Night.] John Bull. Dan, (for that night only) Mr. Dowton; Mary Thornberry, Mrs. Mountain.—My Grandmother.

19. Bold Stroke for a Wife—Wood Dæmon.

20. [Mr. KELLY's Night.] Artaxerxes—The *Scena* from the Opera of Semiramide, by Madame Catalani, (her first and only appearance on the English stage.)—Sylvester Daggerwood—Historical Ballet of the Siege of Troy, with all the dancers from the Opera House.

21. [Benefit of Mr. BARRYMORE, and Mr. WELSH, conductor of the chorus.] Pizarro. Rolla, by Mr. Seyton, from Norwich—No Song no Supper.

22. Adelgitha—Tekeli.
23. Travellers—Liar.
25. Romeo and Juliet—Wood Dæmon.
26. [Benefit of Mr. PALMER and Mrs. HARLOWE.] Honeymoon. Rolando, Mr. Palmer; Juliana, Mrs. Harlowe.—Sylvester Daggerwood—Matrimony. Clara, Mrs. Harlowe.

ADELGITHA, or the *Fruits of a Single Error* is a tragedy by Mr. Monk Lewis; one of the best that modern times have produced, possessing a strong and continued interest, a charm of language in some instances very powerful, and several original and affecting dramatic situations. The heroine had, while very young, fallen a victim to the seductive arts of a villain, and bears a son. Her frailty is concealed; her principles and conduct are unexceptionable. She marries a sovereign prince, who full of honour, and *rigidly virtuous* himself, has no indulgence for the weaknesses of others. After many years of uninterrupted happiness with her husband, her first and only transgression comes to the knowledge of a man who had found an asylum in her husband's court, but who entertains a guilty passion for his wife, and determines to make this *secret*, subservient to his base purposes. Her son, ignorant of his origin, has been brought up near *Adelgitha's* person, as a youth in whose fortunes she has taken an interest. He is arrived at maturity, and accompanying the prince, his patron, to the field, preserves his life at the hazard of his own. The prince returns victorious to his own dominions. At this period the ungrateful guest apprizes *Adelgitha* of the manner in which he became acquainted with her indiscretion, and signifies the only terms on which he proposes to conceal the transaction from her husband. Either alternative is dreadful. She obtains, however, a little time for reflection, and resolves by an ingenuous confession, to throw herself on the generosity of her husband. She relates to him the circumstances of her own story, as having occurred to one of her female attendants; but the horror and indignation with which he receives the narrative, prevents her from making a fuller disclosure; this heightens her agony, and plunges her into deeper despair. From this moment the scene advances in interest, which is increased by the arts of her tormentor, who surprizing the son and mother together, (the former still unconscious of the relationship) accuses him to the prince of having meditated his dishonour, and *Adelgitha*, to avoid the discovery of her former shame, is forced to confirm the assertion, and become the involuntary agent of her son's disgrace and ruin.

Such are the fruits of her *single error*; and by a plot thus ingenious and probable, intricate yet natural, the author has involved his heroine in a labyrinth of wretchedness, from which there is no hope of escape, and that only a distant one, but by complying with the gross desires of her persecutor. She is at length wrought to a pitch of phrenzy, and rescues herself from his menaced embrace, by burying a dagger in his heart; an incident which produces some fine effects, arising out of the peculiar

circumstances in which the remaining characters are placed. How the villain came by his death, is not known; *Adelgitha* cannot declare herself the author of it, without a full explanation to her husband. Suspicion attaches on her son, who has reason to believe *Adelgitha* the guilty person; but to shelter *her*, the recollection of whose favours has not been effaced by her inexplicable conduct towards him, he avows himself the murderer. The feelings of the mother can no longer be suppressed; and the fatal secret is now divulged. The prince, after a few violent struggles between his principles and his feelings, yields to the latter, and *Adelgitha's* tranquillity is at last restored.

We forget all the names of the characters except *Adelgitha*; but these, as well as we can recollect, are the leading incidents of the tragedy, the pathos of which is heightened by an attachment between the unacknowledged son of *Adelgitha*, and the daughter of her enemy. From what we have here *set down*, however, it must be sufficiently apparent, that the play is made of good materials, and it would be unjust not to add, that to skilful arrangement, and knowledge of stage-effect, ths author has no common pretensions. The language has many recommendations, but it discovers the usual defects of Mr. Lewis's stile. It often glitters with ornament when the expressions should be simple and unencumbered. It abounds with antithesis and inversion, and sometimes we have more sound than meaning. As a composition, however, it is, upon the whole, much above mediocrity, and has several very fine passages.

Of the *moral* we must say a word or two. Its professed object is to shew, that a single aberration from virtue may involve the unhappy wanderer in exquisite misery. But *Adelgitha* had been guilty of *two* errors, and it is the *second* of the two that creates all her distress. As a victim of seduction she is entitled to pity; the inexcusable part of her conduct is in imposing herself, thus unfortunate, on the prince, as a chaste and unspotted bride; and *hence* her future entanglements operate as the "*judicious punishment*" of her duplicity. The author has put a very objectionable sentiment into the mouth of one of the characters—

> 'Tis in man's power never to sin at all,
> But, sinning once, to stop exceeds his pow'r.

This is a false sentiment; and, to inculcate such a *moral*, would lead to nothing but *immorality*. It is useful to exemplify that sin is productive of sin, and that after one transgression the mind is prone to a repetition; that the descent of vice is easy, *facilis descensus Averni*; but to tell us that the career of wickedness is not to be stopped by repentance, that it is *impossible* to return to the path of virtue, *revocare gradus*, is to shut out all hope, and precipitate the children of error and misfortune headlong into the gulph of infamy.

We were sorry to see the house so indifferent; but so it is; in general the worst performers make the best benefits, and *é contra*; and, till benefits are *totally abolished*, the profession of the stage will never be *truly* respectable. On this subject we have much to say at the proper time.

The characters of the play were well cast, and the actors did them justice. Mrs. Powell displayed great sensibility in the arduous part

of *Adelgitha*. The Epilogue, full of point and pleasantry, was spoken by Mr. Elliston, in his best manner. If the tragedy had been produced at an earlier period of the season, it must have proved highly profitable both to the author and the theatre. It has been performed, as it is, eight or nine nights.

On Mr. Braham's night, *Artaxerxes* was an excellent treat to the musical amateur. His own Arbaces was exquisite, and Mrs. Dickons displayed very great powers in Mandane. Except by Billington, and, according to some, Mrs. Billington *not* excepted, the *Soldier tir'd* has never been sung in a finer style of execution. While Mrs. Mountain is at this theatre Mrs. Dickons is not wanted; but how they neglect to secure her, at almost any charge, at Covent-Garden, is astonishing; where they have not a female who can sing the simplest *bravura* in common time or tune! The Opera was repeated for Mr. Kelly's benefit, who had, besides, the aid of all the vocal and *ballet* strength of the King's theatre, including even the Catalani.

The performance of Mr. Seyton, from Norwich, who played *Rolla*, we were prevented from attending; but we hear that it was very creditable to the young man, who possesses the requisites of a good actor.

A play from the pen of Mr. Henry Siddons, and another from Mr. Eyre, both of this theatre, have been accepted by the manager. The latter is from Dr. Moore's *Zeluco*, a subject that affords fine dramatic scope, and we have often wondered that it had not attracted the attention of some of our stage-writers. We have seen a manuscript play from this novel, which had great poetical merit, written by the late Mr. Leftley. It passed through Mr. Colman's hands, who was of opinion, and we concur with him, that it was not well calculated for the stage. Mr. Eyre is a man of education, and having also some dramatic experience, it is very likely that he may succeed. We are sure that there are ample materials.

COVENT GARDEN.

APRIL.

29. Heir at Law—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
30. Macbeth. Macbeth, Mr. Cooke.—Ogre and little Thumb.

MAY.

1. Beggars Opera—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
2. Gamester. Beverly, Mr. Pope.—Ogre and little Thumb.
4. Tempest. Prospero (1st time) Mr. Cooke.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
5. Grecian Daughter. Evander, Mr. Pope; Philotas, Mr. Brunton; Dionysius, Mr. C. Kemble.—Escapes.
6. Merry Wives of Windsor—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
7. Isabella. Biron, Mr. Pope.—Ogre and little Thumb.
8. PETER THE GREAT, or *Wooden Walls*. (1st time.) Characters by Messrs. C. Kemble, Bellamy, Pope, Munden, Waddy, Simmons, Murray, Incledon; Mrs. C. Kemble, Miss Bolton, Mrs. Davenport.

9. King Henry VIII.—Flitch of Bacon.

11. Peter the Great—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

12. [Mr. INCLEDON's Night.] Woodman. Fairlop, Mr. Bellamy; Emily, Miss Bolton.—The Storm—Prisoner at large.

13. Peter the Great.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

14. [Miss SMITH's Benefit.] Venice preserv'd—Tom Thumb.

15. [Mr. MUNDEN's Night.] Road to Ruin. Sophia (1st appearance) by a young Lady.—Fun of Election; or the Patriotic Baker—*Which is the Master?*

18. Coriolanus—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

19. [Mr. FAWCETT's Night.] Five Miles off (1st time at this theatre)—MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE (1st time)—Valentine and Orson.

20. Peter the Great—Which is the Master?

21. [Mr. COOKE's Night.] King Lear. Cordelia (1st time) Miss Smith.—Love-a-la-mode. Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan (1st appearance) a young Gentleman.

22. Pizarro—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

23. Macbeth—Escapes.

25. Coriolanus—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

26. [Benefit of Mr. and Mrs. C. KEMBLE.] Hamlet. Ophelia (1st time) Mrs. C. Kemble.—Personation. Lord Henry, Mr. Melvin; Lady Julia, Mrs. C. Kemble.—Paul and Virginia. Virginia (1st time) Miss Bolton.

PETER THE GREAT, or *Wooden Walls*, is an opera by Mr. Cherry, of which the following is the fable.

'*Peter the Great*, (Mr. C. Kemble) and his minister *Le Fort*, (Mr. Bellamy) after having visited and worked as ship-carpenters in England, France, &c. under the disguised names of *Pedro* and *Alexis*, are returned to Muscovy, and still continue their labours in one of the Northern ports, under *Mauritz*, (Mr. Munden) a ship-wright; who, acknowledging the obligations he owes to the industry and skill of *Pedro*, conceives the highest opinion of him, and is resolved to marry him to his daughter *Paulina*, (Miss Bolton) and make him his successor; but *Pedro*, already acquainted with the mutual loves of *Michael*, (Mr. Incledon) a young soldier, and *Paulina*, declines the promised favour of his employer, and avows his passion for *Catharine*, (Mrs. C. Kemble) the niece of *Mauritz*. Disappointed, but not displeased, *Mauritz* gives his consent and through the intercession of *Pedro*, promises to ratify the marriage of *Michael* and *Paulina*. In deviation from the historical facts, *Catharine* is here represented, not as the follower of a camp, but as far as her means extend, the general advocate and benefactress of the village; and, according to an antient custom, is presented with the rural crown, annually bestowed on the most deserving female. During the absence of *Peter*, the reins of government are placed in the hands of *Menzikoff* (Mr. Pope) who alone is acquainted with the place of the Emperor's retreat: when the *Boyards*, impatient of their master's absence, and suspecting some foul play on the part of *Menzikoff*, order him to immediate trial, and sentence him to death, unless

in six days the Emperor returns to Moscow. Under a strong escort, *Menzikoff* is permitted to go in search of his royal master; and arrives just at the moment when *Peter* is about to espouse *Catharine*.—The Emperor, (still unknown to *Catharine* but as the humble *Pedro*) hurries to the escort, declares himself, and gives freedom to *Menzikoff*; leaving *Catharine* in the utmost despair—*Menzikoff* returns, relieves the anxiety of *Catharine*, announces the Emperor, and claims her as the bride of his royal master.—*Peter* now appears in all his splendour; when *Catharine*, yielding to the dictates of love, rather than those of ambition, gives her hand to the Emperor, who bestows that of *Paulina* upon *Michael*. The under-plot is sustained by *Olmutz*, (Mr. Waddy) *Sparrowitz*, (Mr. Simmons) *Old Petrowitz*, (Mr. Murray) *Michael*, *Mauritz*, *Paulina*, *Genevieve*, (Mrs. Davenport) &c. and the piece concludes with a Civil and Military Spectacle.'

We believe it is admitted that a dramatic writer may resort to history for whatever he wants, and adapt and alter what he finds there, as best suits his purpose. This is a convenient latitude, and as the practice has the sanction of high authority, we shall not at this moment state our objections to it. That Peter was the founder of the naval power of Russia; that he worked in different parts of Europe as a ship-carpenter; and that he raised to the imperial throne a village orphan, are the only historic facts that Mr. Cherry has attended to. The rest is (we will not say *leather and prunella*,) but merely operatic manufacture; yet recollecting what we have lately seen, we must allow that it is a specimen not justly to be found fault with. There is a deficiency of incident, and not one scene of interest, but the dialogue is marked with vivacity, and the ship-builder and his wife are pleasantly sketched. The music by Jouve merits much praise, and the concluding scene is rendered very attractive, by a well regulated procession of the different artificers employed in the building and equipment of a ship of war. Munden has two good comic songs, which he gave in a stile of rich humour peculiarly his own. Bellamy sung well, but *acted too much*. Mrs. C. Kemble wore a most becoming dress, and was extremely interesting in the character of *Catharine*; her stile of playing in general is too bold; it was on this occasion subdued, chaste, and impressive.

The managers bestowed little or no decoration upon the piece, and had left no nights open for its performance. In the earlier part of the season, it might have done something for the treasury.

The new farce, produced on Mr. Fawcett's night, is a hasty production of Mr. T. Dibdin, whose *Miseries of Human Life* set the *audience in a roar*, with the assistance of those determined foes to melancholy, Fawcett and Liston. Miss Bristow, the Columbine, performed a little character in this piece, in a manner that seemed very promising. Miss Searle, her predecessor, has retired from the stage, having been invited to *go down the dance of matrimony* with Mr. Robert Heathcote, the brother of Sir Gilbert.

Mr. Kemble having been confined to his chamber by rheumatism, his characters have been performed by Pope and Cooke. The latter

appeared in *Prospero*, for the first time, on the 4th of May; and not choosing either to stumble against *Scylla*, or fall into *Charybdis*, by the pronunciation of the unfortunate "*aches*" he omitted the line altogether. The following Impromptu on the occasion appeared in one of the daily prints---

MR. COOKE'S SOLILOQUY.

Aitches or *akes*, shall I speak both or either?
If *akes* I violate my Shakspeare's measure,
If *aitches* I shall give King Johnny pleasure---
I've hit upon 't—by Jove I'll utter neither. (*Oracle.*)

The following is copied from another morning paper—

QUERY.

"Pray, is Kemble really ill?"
One day demanded NED of WILL.
"Why yes," says Will, "'tis truly said;"
I heard his dismal groans,
When he had *aitches* in his head;
They've now got in his *bones*." (*Morning Post.*)

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

THE following article of intelligence, is copied, with a few additions, and parenthetical illustrations, from a morning print.

The proprietors of this *little house*, "ever anxious," (*solicitous souls!*) "to *increase their attractions*," (too disinterested and liberal by half) "have expended near seven hundred pounds," (*twang!*) "in altering and decorating the internal part of this building."

"The pit is considerably *enlarged from a reduction* of the stage before the curtain; the lattice-work of the boxes is *fresh gilt*, and the interior of them *coloured in a delicate blue*, relieved with a white border," (*O pretty, pretty!*)—a fresh piece of paper is put on the ceiling; two new tin lamps are placed in the one shilling gallery, and a large hole in the green curtain has been mended. This is all owing (please to observe) to the "taste and fancy of Mr. Winston, *acting manager (oh!)* of the theatre," who has also converted the treasury into a coffee-room, "that the public may be able to retire to cool apartments" (*in the dog-days*) "and partake of refreshments," (*for ready money only*); and when the stage shall afford no amusement, (that is, when Mr. Winston performs) "*participate in the mirth and* FRIVOLITY *of the place.*"

[N. B. A barrel-organ, and master Punch are bespoke, to add to the attractions of this *frolicsome retreat.*]

"Mr. Colman has left these alterations entirely to the taste and *knowledge* (!) of Mr. Winston, who, *among a variety of accomplishments which adorn his mind*," (and which it would be no easy matter to enumerate) "is particularly happy," (as he thinks himself,

contentus sibi!) in *architectural design* and *decorative embellishments.*" He is in short another Christopher Wren, or Inigo Jones. It has even been whispered, that Carleton House is shortly to be pulled down, and rebuilt under the direction and acting management of this *all-accomplished* character

["The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword."]

I am, &c.

GLIB.

We can only say to our friend Glib, that he is "as good as a chorus," and though we have admitted his communication, as affording *intelligence extraordinary*, we must be permitted to judge for ourselves of Mr. Winston's improvements, on which we shall make a very honest report when the theatre opens.

A comedy by Mr Dibdin, a farce by Mr. Hook, and a musical entertainment from Mr. Arthur Griffinhoofe of Turnham Green, are already talked of, as among the novelties in preparation. Mr. Young, from Manchester, an actor of high provincial fame, is to take the lead in tragedy and genteel comedy.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES, &c.

Theatre Royal EDINBURGH.—List of benefits of the Edinburgh company, in April and the beginning of May, 1807, beginning with Monday in the Passion week.

Mr. M'Grigor, boxkeeper	£131	Miss Bennet (now Mrs. Vining)	£112
Mrs. Orger	77	Mr. Meggett	96
Work-house	A full house	Mr. Rock, some say under £130, others near	150
Mr. Toms	£112	Messrs. Hallion & Vining	93
Mr. Shaw	97	Miss Walton, about	90
Mr. Berry	177	The Bennets	47
Mrs. Young	119	Archer, (last night) about	120
Mr. Knox	103		
Mr. Evatt	158		
Mr. Dwyer	183		

It will be remembered, in estimating the benefits, that much is to be attributed to the nights of performance, to the situation of the performers, and to various other circumstances. That Mrs. Young is not very high in the list, is no proof of her want of attraction, or of the public insensibility to her very great merit. By a shameful abuse, now become inveterate, whole boxes are here engaged, and of course retained for the bespeakers, who though they should not choose to attend at all, or only send one or two individuals, never consider themselves liable but for the seats (if any) actually used, whatever loss or disappointment may accrue to the performers or their friends.

Mrs. Y. suffered very considerably by this awkward circumstance.

The season has been pretty successful, no rival amusements interfering with it. The company indeed, when compared with those of late years, appeared to some advantage. Still in the female department, much is wanting: indeed as a whole, it is extremely short of the public's well founded claims.—But more of this hereafter. VERUS.

Theatre Royal, GLASGOW.—This theatre opened for the summer season, on Friday, May the 1st. In the following account of the respective merits of the members of our theatric corps, I shall state my opinion, uninfluenced either by popularity or prejudice, and shall fairly exhibit the rank each ought to hold in the scale of public favour.

Our hero in tragedy and sentimental comedy, is Mr. Megget, who has a good figure, with a fine, mellow, full-toned voice—an expressive countenance, with a piercing eye—indeed all the requisites for a first-rate actor. His chief fault consists in sometimes "o'er stepping the modesty of nature," and attempting to make more of his part, than ever the author intended for it. He is an excellent Macbeth, indeed he performs it more correctly than any actor we have had *settled* here for many years. I think Mr. Archer in Shylock, is little inferior to Cooke, whom he seems to have made his model, not only in pronunciation, but in every little nod and shake of the finger. Mr. Dwyer continues to sport himself in genteel comedy, but is almost always negligent and imperfect. The merit of Mr. Toms, lies principally in exhibiting such characters as *Octavian* and *Penruddock*. For low comedy, we have Rock, Berry, and Evatt—the first of whom is too well known to need any encomium from me. Berry a young man with a pleasing exterior, is a general actor; nothing in comedy comes wrong to him—*Job Thornberry* or *Nipperkin*—*Sir Peter Teazle* or *Dogberry*; he excels in all, and I venture to predict that he will one day shine upon the London boards, with as much brilliancy as the irresistibly comic Munden. Evatt is pleasing and useful—he seldom fails to acquit himself with credit. Shaw sings well. Vining has merit in pantomime: but when metamorphosed into a *fashionable* gentleman, abominable!

Amongst the females Mrs. Young is herself a host, and her merits as an actress are sufficiently known. Mrs. Johnson is very respectable in characters of the *sombre* cast. Miss Walton and Mrs. Orger, are two pretty lively creatures; Mrs. Vining (late Miss Bennet) but so so; Mrs. Nichol personates the old women, but caricatures them indiscriminately in the termagant style.

14th May, 1807. CANDID.

P. S. Mr. Trueman of Drury Lane theatre, has just joined the company.

Theatre Royal, NORWICH.—The inhabitants of this place are not very theatrically inclined; and those, who spend their time and

money in such amusements, are determined to have their full share for their penny; like a person in the purchase of a peck of peas, who expects a handful over by way of blessing. Thus, on a benefit-night, when a long *bill* of fare attracts their notice, the theatre boasts of a tolerable audience; though the *receipts* are by no means satisfactory to the performers.

The expences of the house, on a Monday night, are 20*l.*—Wednesday and Thursday, 18*l.*—And Saturday, 24*l.*

A young musician, of more *sound* than *sense*, of the name of Lombe, stept from the orchestra to the stage as "Achmet" in *Barbarossa*, for his sister's benefit, Mrs. Binfield: the bills announced it as his *first* appearance on any stage; we shall only add, we trust it will be his *last*. A Mr. Bellamy, who has recently been introduced here, seems "to have strutted his hour" more in *Sylvester Daggerwood's* company, than at a Theatre Royal. Buffoonery and grimace are his leading features; and, whether in play or pantomime, he appears to be incessantly acting *the fool:* but there may be "something more than *natural* in this if philosophy could find it out." We are sorry to learn that he has been transplanted here to supply the place of *Grove*, who leaves us for a London engagement; Mrs. Grove, for Bath. The benefits came in the following succession.

1	Binfield Mr. & Mrs.	£81	4	6	8	Errington Mr. and Mrs.	£26 13 6
2	Cross Mr.	17	12	0	9	Bowles Mr. & Mrs.	93 9 6
3	Bramwell Mrs.	74	0	0	10	Faucit Mr. & Mrs.	86 17 6
4	Beacham Mr.	39	19	6	11	Birrell Mr.	90 19 6
5	Smith Mr.	71	0	0	12	Clifford Mr. & Mrs.	44 7 6
6	Bennett Mr.	99	1	6	13	Grove Mr. & Mrs.	51 12 6
7	Fitzgerald Mr. and Mrs.	128	18	6			

The mayor of Norwich having frequently visited the theatre this season with his free ticket, particularly on benefit-nights, and having, as frequently, entered the green-room, with his *hat always on his head*; the following laconic notice was put up in a conspicuous part of the room:—"None but Gentlemen are expected to pull off their Hats in the Green-Room." The evening after, this *well-bred* magistrate entered the room, covered as usual, when several performers were present, and perceiving something new, he went hastily to read it:——an aukward pause ensued; the situation was puzzling—after some deliberation his worship walked slowly out of the room, closing the door, and was, immediately afterwards, met in the street with his hat in his hand.

The following anecdote is related of a poor actor, who was personating Grainger in the farce of "Who's the Dupe," on his benefit-night, which turned out a very wet evening, and occasioned a bad house:—In his reply to Gradus' Greek quotation, where old Doiley sits as umpire, he began thus—"*O raino nighto! spoilo benefito quito.*"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY.—A second volume of the Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Warton, by the Rev. Mr. Wool.—An octovo edition of Jortin's Life of Erasmus, by Drs. Raine and Henley.—Public Life of Lord Macartney, by Mr. Barrow.—Historical Essay on the Life of the great Condé, written by the Prince of Condé now in England, translated from the French.—Memoirs of Calvin, with Biographical sketches of the Reformation, by Mr. Mackenzie of Huntingdon.

HISTORY.—Fox's Martyrs, with historical notes and illustrations, by the Rev. I. Milner.

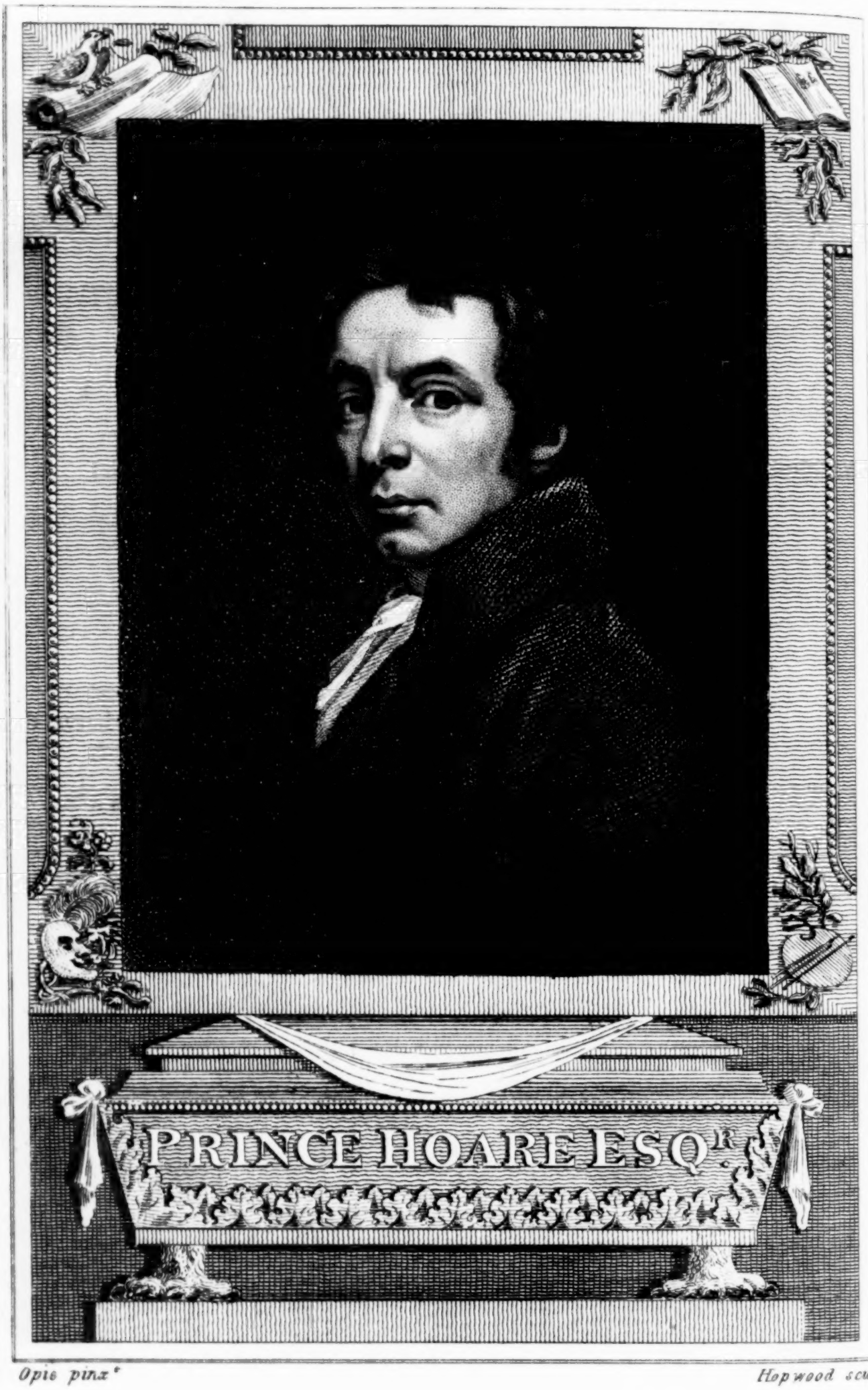
TRAVELS, &c.—A general collection of Voyages and Travels, by Mr. Pinkerton.

ROMANCES.—A new translation of Don Quixote, by Mr. Byerly, in six cabinet volumes, with fine engravings.

POETRY.—Translation of Hesiod, with dissertations and notes, by Mr. Elton.—A new edition of Robert Fergusson's Poems, with a true account of his life and writings.—Some Poems by Mr. Coleridge.—A new edition of Pope's Works, with additions, illustrations and portraits, by the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.—The Works of Dermody, by Mr. Raymond, the author of the unfortunate poet's life.—Mr. Belfour's translation of Yriarte's Poem on the dignity and charms of music.—A republication of Warton's History of Poetry, by Mr. Park.—A volume of Poems by Lord Byron.—The Poems and Essays of the late Henry Kirke White, of Cambridge, with a Life of the Author, by Southey.

MISCELLANIES.—A Narrative of the escape of Mrs. Spencer Smith, by the Marquis of Salvo, who accompanied her to England.—Oxoniana, consisting of Anecdotes relative to the Colleges, and accounts of celebrated Members, Professors, &c. by a Member of the University. Mr. Byerly's translation of the celebrated Machiavel's great work "The Prince," with notes tending to prove that Bonaparte has invariably adopted the maxims of that great statesman in all his conquests.

DRAMATIC.—A new edition of the *Biographia Dramatica*, with Isaac Reed's additions, in three volumes, by Stephen Jones, a gentleman fully competent to the task.—An edition of Ben Jonson, by Mr. Gifford.—Mr. Pye's Comments on the Commentators of Shakspeare.



Opie pinx.t *Hopwood sculp*

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